THE NEW YORK LEDGER
DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIII. R. BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 44 ANN-STREET. NEW YORK, MAY 9, 1857. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 9.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE WIDOW OF TOLEDO.

A TALE OF

"LOW BIRTH AND IRON FORTUNE."

BY DR. S. P. BRONSON.

CHAPTER I.

THE RUFFLED MARQUIS.

"I say I will, count!" cried the young Marquis de Sorbano, to his companion, the Count de Perez, as they walked along the Plaza Real—the great square, or lounging ground in the good old city of Toledo. The marquis was in his five-and-twentieth year; an only son; very proud, very sensitive, very rich, and, from boyhood up, very much accustomed to have his own way.

The count, his companion, was a bachelor, nearer thirty-five than thirty, with a bold, commanding air, a moderately good-looking face, of modest fortune, and with a fine reputation as a soldier, having had the honor, with a small handful of men, of thrice rescuing the standard of his native city, in a single battle, from the Moors. He was a laughing, careless, good-humored gentleman, with no particular object in life except to amuse himself, and was withal, partly from nature and partly from experience, somewhat of a philosopher.

"I say I will, count!" cried the marquis, who, as the reader will readily understand, was considerably excited. "I will call him out and run him through. My honor demands it!"

The count laughingly shrugged his shoulders.

"O, if your honor demands it," he returned, "I have nothing more to say. Still, I would like to urge one little thought for your attention."

"What is it?" asked the marquis.

"This: What if Juan, who, as I can testify,—for he gave me a sword-thrust once for treading incautiously on his shadow!—what if Juan, I say, who wields as dexterous a rapier as any man in Toledo——"

"Except Leon, the fair widow's secretary," interrupted the marquis.

"Of course—always excepting Leon," laughed the count. "But what if Juan should *refuse* to be run through? He is proud, and, if you will take pains to remember, not over apt to follow any man's bidding. He is impulsive, high-spirited, brooks neither threats nor counsel, is wiry, supple, and quick of eye and hand. As for myself, though I have seen some service, and am considered to possess some skill in the use of the sword, I should be careful to fee a priest for masses for my soul, ere I voluntarily went out to match my blade with Juan's!"

"But my honor demands it!" repeated the marquis, upon whom this gentle admonition had no effect.

"Fiddle-de-dee!" cried the count. "It does no such thing. Juan, on discovering you at the widow's, scowled at you, as any man naturally would on perceiving that he has a rival; and you—you scowled back, with interest, and there's the long and the short of it. If any one has a right to complain, it is the widow herself, who was doubtless rendered miserable by the entrance of a second suitor while one was doing his best to make himself agreeable. If I had been in her place, I would have dismissed you both!"

"You may laugh it off as much as you please, count; but I still insist that Juan had no business there, that his rudeness must be punished, and that I am no Spaniard if I do not call him out."

"No business there?" repeated the count. "You are certainly amusing! Why, man, the widow's hand is not yet won, or why is every second cavalier in Toledo as confident as yourself that he will ultimately possess it! Fiddle-de-dee! I'll wager a hundred pistoles to a maravedi that the widow cares for neither of you; another hundred to a like sum that when she marries, it will not be to either of the young butterflies that buzz around her now; and still another hundred that she has never favored one of them with even so much as a smile. Will you take me up?"

"I am in no humor for betting!" returned the marquis. "Juan *must* meet me!"

"O, you will not have to ask him twice," laughed the count. "But, seriously, now—you would not fight a man about a woman who would consider it a blessed thing if seven-eighths of her suitors—Juan and yourself amongst them—would only kill each other, and thereby relieve her of their importunities?"

"You cannot alter my determination, count! I *will* fight him!"

"With all my heart, Carlos. But——"

"Why do you pause?" asked the marquis.

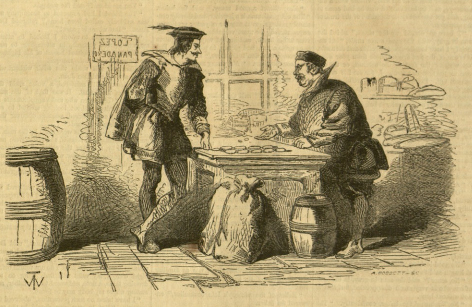
"I have another thought. Suppose Juan, as, in my opinion, is not at all unlikely, should kill *you*—what will be the value of your chances with the widow *then?*"

"I will admit no such possibility," returned the marquis. "I carry as good a rapier as his, and know the use of it as well."

"Doubtless. But suppose he *should?*" persisted the count, with a knowing laugh. "Would it not be a point gained with the widow, who, though she may care but little for him now, could not then very well refuse to regard with favor the man who, as he would doubtless inform her, had risked his life in defence of her fair fame? If you ever hope to win the heart, the hand, or the revenues of the fair widow, you must live—not die!"

"You appear to regard it as a settled thing that Juan will come off victor," observed the marquis, nettled.

"If you fight—yes," returned the count. "He is the better swordsman of the two. That is the way we argue in the army."



THE MAN IN GRAY AND THE BAKER OF TOLEDO.

"No matter!" said the marquis, proudly. "I will fight him!"

"Ere you do," said the count, as they approached a noted tavern, the resort of the "fast" cavaliers of the day, "let's in to 'the Lodge of our Blessed Lady,' and try a flagon of 'Cadiz.' Since nothing I can say will drive this thought out of your head, let's see if the generous grape will not be more successful."

The count, followed by his companion, pushed his way through the garden, which fairly hummed with the voices of a gay throng, to an unoccupied table near the fountain, and after giving an order for two flagons of his favorite "Cadiz," he ran his clear dark eye rapidly around to observe his immediate neighbors, and perceiving an old acquaintance smoking a cigarette in a brown study, and occasionally moistening his lips with a measure of wine, he smilingly, muttered—

"Poor Lopez! he is meditating upon the lecture that awaits him from the gray mare, and wishing himself a free cavalier once more!" Then turned to the marquis, he observed—"If you only knew, Sorbano, what an ass you are about to make of yourself. Tut, tut! don't draw yourself up, as if you purposed serving me as you design to do with Juan. I intend no offence; but I *do* mean just what I say! If," placing his right foot across his knee, and playfully nursing it with his hand, "you could but look into the future, and see what a brood of cares, anxieties, and domestic miseries, matrimony will hatch for your special accommodation, you would not be so eager to tie yourself to any woman, and least of all, to a widow; for widows, having exhausted all of love's romance in their first marriage, are perfect tartars in the second. Look at that poor devil at the second next table, and tell me if you have ever seen so wo-begone a face! He looks as if he would hang himself for a maravedi."

"'Tis Don Lopez!" exclaimed the marquis, in astonishment. "He appears ten years older at least than when I saw him last."

"Of course he does," said the count. "But that comes of his marrying a widow. If he had followed my advice, and steered clear of matrimony, he would be as happy to-day as of yore. But, no; he was infatuated by the widow, who, like all of her kind, understood the art of angling for gudgeons, and landed him high and dry. And now, look at him!"

"He seems sorrowful," remarked the marquis.

"Seems? He *is!* Such another lugubrious lout lives not in Toledo. And well he may be; for he is the hapless husband of a virago, who is the terror of himself, the household, and the neighborhood. Poor fellow! he is dying by inches under the murderous fusillade of her perpetually clattering tongue. He will be found dead, some fine morning, and the coroner's inquest will be 'Died of marrying a widow!'"

"Are they such dreadful creatures, then?" asked the marquis, smiling.

"All women are bad—but widows are horrible," answered the count, taking a draught from the flagon which the attendant had just placed before him. "Ah, ha! that's capital 'Cadiz!' When I was in the wars, one of them, who followed the camp, angled for and captured a jolly lieutenant, who never told another joke, and who drowned himself in terror, in less than six weeks after his marriage. There was another case, that happened under my observation, in Flanders, where a brave captain of cuirassiers fell before the batteries of a black-eyed widow, who in two months tamed him down into such a spiritless, wo-begone flunkey that he came and went at her bidding, for all the world like a poodle dog. In four months, he wilted entirely, and was buried by a few of his old comrades, one of whom, shortly after, was silly enough to allow himself to be fascinated by the same black eyes, and hung himself—as poor Lopez, here, doubtless meditates doing—ere the honeymoon had fairly reached its end. But what else could be expected? To marry at all, is folly; but to marry a widow, is rank madness! Take a friend's advice, marquis; let the widow go, keep single, and live to a happy old age!"

"But," said the marquis, smiling, "Donna Isabel is another sort of woman altogether. Her beauty, dignity, and amiability are in every body's mouth!"

"Of course—of course!" returned the count, derisively. "Her late lord didn't die of a surfeit, I presume!"

"True; but of apoplexy!"

"A hundred pistoles to one that it was of chagrin! What—did I not know him, and do I not remember how he used to creep along the Plaza, of a morning, with his hands behind him, and his fine Spanish head bowed in gloom, as if he didn't know which was the better way—to throw himself into the Tagus, or to swallow poison!"

"Out, slanderer! It is well known that, as counsellor to the viceroy, he had solemn cares that called for serious thought."

"Fiddle-de-dee! A pretext to save the dignity of his memory! I have it from a fair acquaintance that he stood in such fear of his wife, that he always did as she commanded, without asking why or wherefore; that he left the house at such an hour, returned at such an hour, went to bed and rose up at such an hour; had no visitors except such as his wife allowed him, went nowhere except as his wife permitted; never dared to stay out after a certain hour, never dared to look at another woman, and generally went to bed with cotton in his ears, that the scolding of his tormentor might not interfere with his reflections or his prayers."

"Are you sure it was of Donna Isabel your fair friend spoke?" asked the marquis, who understood the gay humor of his companion.

"I would not be very certain if I were put on oath," answered the count; "but that it was of some donna who is now a widow, I am confident. You smile! but what difference does it make? All widows are alike—in want of husbands!"

"If you were not well known as a woman-hater, and therefore privileged to vent your spleen against the fair," said the marquis, pleasantly, "I'd——"

"Call me out and run me through!" interrupted the count. "Do so! But if you marry, I shall be amply revenged. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Stay!" said the marquis. "Something is going on!"

He made this remark on noticing that there was a general movement on the part of the throng towards the entrance of the garden. Looking in that direction, he and the count beheld a short, stout personage, with a small round head, a sugar-loaf hat, a turned-up nose, small thin lips, a retreating chin, round shoulders, and short arms, standing, in scarlet trunks and hose, on a large table between two alguazils, one of whom held in his right hand a long narrow rod emblematic of his office as a constable, and in the other a small hand-bell, which, at a sign from the short, stout individual, who was none other than the city crier, he now rang to attract attention.

"Hear, hear, all ye people!" cried the crier, in a wheezy voice. Then turning to the alguazil on his right, he commanded him to "sound;" whereupon that worthy raised a long narrow trumpet to his lips, and blew a loud, shrill blast, which grated on the ears of the crowd with a sharpness that caused many to shrink back with every nerve on edge.

"Again!" said the crier, with an air of ludicrous authority.

The throng looked at one another, as if wondering what the result would be.

The alguazil obeyed; and, immediately after, the marquis beheld his friend, the count, looking down upon the ground with an expression of mingled pain, astonishment, and uneasiness.

"The matter?" he asked.

"I think I have lost a tooth!" was the reply.

A loud laugh from those around testified to their appreciation of the jest, although the count did not appear to be aware that he had perpetrated one.

"Again!" said the crier, pompously, and with a severe frown at the laughing group near the fountain.

The alguazil, glancing threateningly in the same direction, raised the trumpet to his mouth with an air that promised to split them to their brains.

The count, standing up on his chair, instinctively closed his ears with his fingers; an example that was immediately followed by nearly all around him; many drawing back and bending aside their heads, as if to avoid the deafening peal of a thunder clap.

The peal that followed from the vengeful alguazil justified the precaution of the count as well as that of his imitators; for it caused the marquis and several others to reel backward as if stunned by a sharp, painful discord, while the general throng burst forth into angry ejaculations.

Upon observing the effect of the blast upon those near the fountain, the alguazil, regardless of the imprecations that were being showered upon him from all parts of the garden, indulged himself with a smile of gratified triumph, and then calmly lowered the trumpet to his side as before, and stood immovable as a statue.

The crier, unfolding a roll of parchment, from which dangled a large circular blue seal, held it up, and, fixing his eyes menacingly on the offending count, cried aloud in his wheezy tone, which was scarcely heard through the din:

"Hear, hear, all ye people! In the name of his most Catholic Majesty, Charles the Second, by the grace of God and the Spanish Monarchy, King of Spain, give audience!"

"In the name of the King!" shouted the alguazil with the trumpet, in a voice of thunder.

Every voice was hushed and every hat off, in an instant!

The alguazil smiled triumphantly again, and glanced at the crier to proceed.

The latter cleared his throat, with an air of importance that provoked a general smile, and then read as follows:

> "Whereas it has been represented to us that Don Garcia de Vega, whilom of this court, is living concealed under a false name in our good city of Toledo, this is to inform all to whom this, our proclamation shall come, that whosoever is cognizant of his abiding place shall reveal the same to the judge of the city tribunal, who is hereby charged to deliver him, bound hand and foot if needs be, into our royal hands. And if any person or persons, to whom this proclamation shall come, be aware of the abiding place of the said Don Garcia de Vega, and shall withhold his knowledge of the same from the officer aforesaid, such person or persons shall forfeit all he or they may possess to the crown and his or their bodies be publicly burnt in the market place. Signed with our hand and sealed with our most royal seal.
>
> "CHARLES, REX."

Having finished the reading of this epistle to the Toledans, the crier, throwing up his short, round arm, shouted "Long live the King!" and then, followed by the alguazils, stepped carefully down from the table, and, with a ludicrous air of assumed dignity, took his departure.

As he disappeared, the spectators breathed freer and resumed their seats and wine; and ere long the atmosphere was as heavy with the buzzing murmur of their voices as before.

"Don Garcia de Vega," said the marquis to his companion, who was looking down musingly. "Who was he?"

"I am trying to think," answered the count; "but for the life of me, I cannot. The name is floating dimly in my memory, like a wrecked ship on the sea; but I am unable to make out when, where, or under what circumstances I first heard of it. It seems to me as if it belongs to one who made a noise in political circles a long time ago, but I am not sure!"

"Let me enlighten you, gentlemen," said a voice near them.

It was that of a personage at an adjoining table, whom the count and marquis recognized as the city recorder's clerk.

"Don Garcia de Vega," he said, approaching them, "three and twenty years ago, was one of the King's counsellors, and stood high at court; but having incurred the enmity of Ramirez, the prime minister, whose brother he slew in a duel, he was charged with treason, his estates confiscated, and himself sentenced to the headsman; but, through the instrumentality of friends, he avoided the axe by escaping from prison on the night preceeding the day appointed for his execution, taking with him, as was supposed, his wife and babe, since neither could be found after his flight. Public sympathy was with him at the time, as few believed him guilty of the charge on which he was arraigned: most regarding it as trumped-up by the prime-minister to avenge the death of his kinsman, who, as was reported, had made dishonorable proposals to Don Garcia's wife, who repelled them with the indignation of a virtuous and high-born lady."

"Poor Garcia!" exclaimed the count. "He did right in punishing the impudent rascal; but, by St. Francis! it was a mean act in Ramirez to take so circuitous a revenge. If he had been a *man*, he would have sought satisfaction for his brother's death, steel to steel. The King ought to have kicked him into a kennel!"

"We must not reflect upon the conduct of the King!" observed the recorder's clerk, with a quiet smile of good-natured warning. "He hath a quick ear, and a long arm!"

"Yes, over twenty years long!" returned the count, alluding to the proclamation. "But, between ourselves, as individuals, is it not a shame to pursue a poor fellow in this manner? Should not three and twenty years of suffering—for a man in daily dread of discovery must suffer!—and the loss of his property and position, be sufficient to atone for any fancied wrong to his sovereign, but must the latter hunt him still as though he were a felon?"

"Not so loud!" whispered the clerk, in a friendly tone. "These are not times, nor a public garden the place, for prudent men to speak what they think!"

"I thank you for the caution!" returned the count. "But I still would maintain, before the King himself, that to worry poor Garcia down to this late day, is unworthy——"

"I must not hear this!" interrupted the clerk, good-naturedly. "You are a brave man; but permit me to suggest that there are occasions when discretion is more commendable than valor."

"I agree with the gentleman," said the marquis. "So, Count, as you have no interest in Garcia's affairs to urge you on, drop your uncalled-for heroics, and finish your 'Cadiz.'"

"No interest in Garcia's affairs!" repeated the count. "The cause of an injured man is every body's interest. But," he added, smilingly checking himself, "as my sympathy will be of no avail to the poor fellow, I'll bottle it up for a more opportune occasion."

"Sensibly said!" remarked the clerk, playfully tapping him on the shoulder. "Hark! what is that?"

The occupants of the garden looked at one another a moment, and then simultaneously rose from their seats and rushed precipitately through the tavern to the plaza.

"Let us follow!" cried the count. "Something is going on! Come!"

As the trio pushed towards the entrance, the marquis suddenly felt a hand pressing him on the shoulder. He turned, and beheld a young cavalier, of about his own age and size, eyeing him sternly.

"Juan de Mendoza!" he exclained.

"The same, senor! I have a word for you."

"And I one for you. Will it please you to step back a few paces, so I can whisper it?"

"With pleasure, Marquis," returned the other, leading the way toward the fountain. "Now, sir," he exclaimed, pausing and haughtily drawing himself up, "say it!"

"If," said the marquis, "you know the use of the blade at your side, meet me, with your best friend, at day-break to-morrow, under the old locust tree in the wood behind the convent of St. Clara!"

"I will meet you there!" said Mendoza. "And now, sir, I have a word for *you!*"

"Out with it, senor!" replied the marquis, proudly.

"If you have any friends or relatives that you love, take your last look and leave of them ere you retire to-night; for, by the measure of my rapier, both of us shall not leave the convent wood alive!"

"Keep your advice, senor, till it is called for. In the meantime, as I desire to know the meaning of this uproar, I beg leave to tender you my most profound respects!"

And with a light, derisive bow, he turned upon his heel and moved away, leaving Mendoza pale with rage.

"To-morrow morning!" muttered the latter, gnawing his moustache; "to-morrow morning shall wipe out all!"

Toledo is built upon a rocky hill, nearly environed by the Tagus, and is encompassed by a wall flanked with small towers, built by the Moors. The streets are narrow, and sloping in their descent towards the river with a steepness that makes running up a task of fatiguing difficulty, and running down a matter of great danger. The summit of the hill is very extensive in breadth, and is by far the fairest portion of the city. There are all the chief public buildings; here the gardens and hanging grounds; and here dwell the noblemen and princely merchants and other opulent citizens of note: the descending streets being left to the humbler classes, who regard with mingled hatred and envy the inhabitants of the plateau above them. Behind the plateau, or summit, the dark range of the Toledo mountains forms an imposing back-ground, through which stretches a long, sinuous high-road to Madrid.

On the afternoon of the day of the commencement of this story, the viceroy, a small, slender, elderly personage, whose brow was silvered by the cares of office, went out, after the siesta, which commences at two and terminates at four o'clock, during which every body in Toledo is supposed to be sleeping off the heat of the sun, to take his usual quiet evening ride. On his return, which was just as the sun was going down behind the mountain, the horses, startled by the flapping of the gray hood of a passing friar, took fright and became unmanageable, plunging forward with indescribable fury and swiftness, wrenching the carriage almost in pieces, pitching the driver headlong to the earth, and whirling the footman down a deep gully, from which he was taken out dead.

On reaching the plaza, the count beheld it swarming with terror-stricken runners, who were speeding with loud cries in every direction to avoid an approaching carriage, without postillion or footman, borne threateningly along by two coal black, high-mettled Arabians, whose flashing eyes and blood-red nostrils and foam-reeking sides announced death to whoever crossed their path. On they came, with the fleetness of the wind, their small, light hoofs scarcely seeming to touch the earth, and yet speeding over it with the rapidity of light; their manes waving, their necks arched, and their heads proudly tossing in the startled air.

"Make way! make way!" shouted the throng, fleeing to the right and to the left, and, when the vehicle had passed by, bringing up behind and following after, as they previously had done before, it.

"Make way—run for your lives!" roared all in advance of the dashing steeds.

Nearer and nearer they approached the tavern of Our Most Blessed Lady, in front of which stood our friend the count, with his eye set and every nerve ready for a spring the instant they should come up.

On, on they came; and the crowd on either side paused, with mingled interest and anxiety, to observe the effort of the man whose attitude told them he was seriously intent upon staying the flight of the gallant coursers.

At length the steeds drew nigh—were within a length of the daring soldier, who sprang, and the next instant lay stunned and bleeding upon the pavement, while the Arabians were in fuller, fiercer flight than ever.

Suddenly a cry of horror rose from the multitude.

Having cleared the plaza, the coursers were plunging down the steep street leading to the river!

The crowd followed, a few of the more daring in full run, but the major part cautiously as if sensible of the danger of speed, while here and there one, having lost or been precipitated from his balance, rolled, helplessly, after the carriage, to the bottom.

The edge of the summit, and that portion of the plaza looking down towards the river, were thick with spectators whose hearts sickened within them as they thought of the fate that awaited the viceroy, whose firm yet gentle rule rendered him dear to every honest and patriotic dweller in the province.

A few moments, and the steeds and carriage would be in the Tagus, and Guzman the Beloved beyond human reach!

Suddenly, as if by common consent, the spectators held their breath.

Horses and carriage had reached the foot of the hill, and only a few yards intervened between them and the water's edge. The people were flying in all directions, and the Arabians, blind with wildness, were rushing forward, with their precious freight, (whose small form was seen tossing from side to side of the vehicle,) over the open space, to certain destruction.

An instant, and all would be over. Many, unable to endure the appalling sight, closed their eyes and turned aside their heads.

A moment later, a faint cheer rose upon the air. Looking down, the throng beheld sweeping down a neighboring street, with the rapidity of light, a solitary horseman, his hat flying far behind him, and his long, dark hair, like his short shoulder cloak, streaming behind him, upborne by the passing breeze. He was evidently aiming to head off the flying Arabians, whose swiftness scarcely equalled that of his own gallant roan. Both reached the base of the hill together, and only a few yards were outspread between them. But these few yards were every thing. The rider buried his spurs in the flank of his steed, whom he also urged on with shrill and exciting cries. But in vain; the few yards still stood between him and the Arabians, who, like himself, were springing towards the river.

An instant and they were in, and, amid a cry of horror from the spell-stricken crowd above and below, horses and carriage went down beneath the glittering waves, whose white foam closed for a moment over them and then glittered evenly as before.

But they had scarcely settled, when the horseman reached the brink, and suddenly turning the head of his steed, sprang from the saddle, and shouting "A boat, varlets!" plunged, like a diver after pearls, into the water.

The two words he had spoken recalled the presence of mind of the crews of the adjoining vessels, and yawls were hurriedly let down from the ships' sterns and sides, and the oars rapidly inserted in the row-locks, and the boats themselves well manned, and hastily drawn towards the spot where the young man had gone down. But moment after moment went by, and he appeared not, and the heart of the multitude on the heights shook as if with a death chill.

The rowers in the yawls, carefully watching every sign in the waves, instinctively formed a large circle around the spot where the Arabians had sunk, and breathlessly awaited the result.

By and bye, an air bubble was descried, and the boats slowly yet cautiously closed in, and a brawny sailor, leaning over the gunwale, was ready in each to clasp whatever might come up.

Suddenly there was an agitation of the waters near the centre of the circle, as if Herculean efforts for life were being made beneath by man or beast.

A moment later, a loud shout from the sailors and from those on the surrounding piers rent the air, and was caught up by the great throng on the heights, till the arches of the heavens seemed to ring; for the young man, pale as a winding sheet, appeared above the surface, struggling violently, with the viceroy on one arm, and holding up the other as a sign for help.

The struggle for his own and another's life must have been fierce, for on being relieved of his burden, he gave a convulsive throe, as if the last spark of his expiring energy had been consumed, and then lay, like one dead, upon the water.

He was lifted, with the viceroy, into a boat, and borne ashore. The latter, though pale, still breathed, and evidently had become insensible ere the Arabians had reached the base of the hill. In fact, it was a question with the crowd, whether, on waking, he would be conscious of having been in the Tagus at all.

Both of the bodies were conveyed away—the one to the palace, the other to a neighboring convent, where the young man was soon restored to consciousness, when, at his own request, he, though still weak and pale, was permitted to go forth unattended. He modestly insisted upon not giving his name, selected an unfrequented street, and quietly made his way home.

CHAPTER II.

THE MAN IN GRAY.

As the young deliverer of the viceroy passed through the small gate leading to his residence, a man, in a short cloak, jerkin, trunks and hose of a seedy gray, and with a countenance in which good humor and low cunning were singularly blended, approached from the same direction, and paused awhile to carefully impress the form and situation of the building upon his mind. This accomplished, he passed on to a baker's shop at the next corner, and calling up an engaging smile, said to the keeper, who was leaning abstractedly over the counter,—

"Good evening, senor! I am, as you will see, the most unfortunate fellow in the world."

The baker looked at his seedy visitor with a dubious eye, as if he half fancied that he had come to beg, and yet was not quite confident of the truth of the suspicion.

"I have an errand up the street," added the man in gray, with the same suave smile, "but unluckily I have lost the exact direction and the name. It is one of the first seven houses from your shop, but whether the first or the seventh, or the one next to the first or seventh, I, for the life of me, can not tell. Perhaps," he added, artfully throwing down a maravedi and picking up a cracker, a proceeding which he felt quite confident would open the heart of the dealer in baked dough, "perhaps, senor, you can aid me."

"In what way?" asked the baker, carefully dropping the coin through a narrow hole in the counter, into the money-drawer.

"By kindly giving an unfortunate fellow the name of the gentleman who lives in the first house?"

"It is a gentleman, then, you are in search of?" asked the baker.

"A gentleman, senor—a young gentleman."

"O, a *young* gentleman?" repeated the man of bread, stroking his small black beard, and thoughtfully looking sideways. "Good looking?"

"As yourself, senor!" answered the man in gray, munching his cracker.

"Um—ha!" muttered the baker, like a man who is deliberating.

The man in gray observed him in silence and anxiety.

"No good-looking man lives in the first house," at length said the baker.

"No, senor?" said the man in gray, in the tone of one who is very much disappointed, but still is not without hope.

"No," returned the baker, confidently. "The man in the first house is a hunchback."

"I see," remarked the man in gray, who was quite satisfied that he did not see. "But the one in the second house?"

"In the second?" asked the baker.

"In the second, senor," repeated the man in gray, with a deep smile, half gracious and half reminding.

"Um—ha!" grunted the baker, glancing sideways again, as if at a broken piece of cake, which lay upon the floor, near the wall.

"This fellow must find it hard to think!" muttered the man in gray to himself.

"A *young* man, I think, you said?" inquired the baker, slowly.

"A young man, senor."

"And handsome?"

"Handsome, senor."

"I can think of no man answering to that description, in the second house," said the baker, slowly turning his eyes to the visitor.

"No?" said the man in gray.

"No," answered the baker. "The only man in that house is in his seventieth year: hence *he* can't be the one."

"Very true, indeed, senor," said the man in gray, concealing his impatience behind a flattering smile. "Perhaps the third—"

And he broke off, hoping that the curtailed sentence might prove sufficiently suggestive.

"You think he possibly may live *there?*" asked the man of bread, slowly.

His visitor bowed.

"Um—ha!" murmured the baker, glancing sideways once more.

"This fellow's head is thicker than a donkey's!" mentally grumbled the man in gray.

"The man in the third house," observed the baker, at length, "is young; there can be no doubt of that—"

"I presume not, senor!" said the other, perceiving that he paused, and hoping that the remark might help him on.

"No, there can be no doubt of *that,*" repeated the baker, slowly; "but then, as a general thing, he don't live at home."

"O, he *don't?*" inquired the man in gray.

"No, he don't live at home," repeated the baker. "He is a ship-captain, and goes to sea. Is at sea now," he added, as if imparting very valuable information.

"I see," observed the man in gray, who really wished he could. "But how about the fourth?"

"The fourth?"

"The fourth, senor."

"Um—ha!" hawked the baker, clearing his throat and turning to the piece of cake on the floor.

"Was there ever such a bore!" muttered the man in gray. "I shall be tempted to kick him, next!"

"The fourth is a nice house!" observed the baker, eventually. "I serve them with bread!"

"Indeed?" inquired the man in gray.

"Yes, I serve them with bread. Have served them many years. Very nice house, indeed."

The man in gray began to grow red in the face.

"The young man might live *there,* you think?" inquired the baker.

"It is possible," huskily said the visitor, who who was all but choking.

"I think not," said the baker, his eyes apparently upon the piece of cake.

"Indeed?"

"No, I think not," repeated the baker, withdrawing his eyes from the cake, and turning them upon the stranger. "That house is occupied by two maiden ladies. Sisters."

"Old maids?" asked the visitor.

"Old maids," answered the baker. "And there are no men there, at all."

"O there are *not?*" inquired the man in gray.

"No—no men there at all," said the baker.

"I see," said the visitor, glad that the man of bread had got through with the fourth, at last. "The fifth is better off, I presume?" he added, hoping that the baker would take the hint and answer with a single word.

"Better off?" said the latter, as if not understanding him.

"In regard to young men," said the man in gray, explanatively; at the same time mentally muttering an expletive in connexion with a certain very thick skull.

The eyes of the man of bread wandered sideways to the piece of cake, which, after all, they never seemed to observe.

"Young men *do* visit there, now and then," he sagely remarked, at length.

"O, indeed?"

"Yes," said the baker; "but they don't *live* there."

"O, they *don't?*" asked the visitor, drily; but the sarcasm was lost upon the baker, who responded,

"No; they don't live there. Come only once in a while. The old folks have daughters. Single," he added, in order not to be misunderstood.

"I see," said the man in gray, nursing his patience with a quiet oath which reached no ears but his own.

"You see," continued the baker, doubtless desiring to be explicit, "the old people have money, and the daughters beauty; two things which naturally attract a good many to their house."

"I see," said the man in gray, again.

"Yes; attract a good many," said the baker. "The old gentleman is a jeweller, and thereby constantly makes a great number of young gentlemen acquaintances, the most valuable of whom he invites to his house, and in that way his daughters have quite a run, and plenty to pick from. But the young men don't *live* there," he added, as if very conscientious. "*No* young men live there. Hence, *your* friend must reside further up."

"Perhaps in the sixth?" suggested the man in gray.

"In the sixth?" said the baker, with a thoughtful, sidelong glance.

"In the sixth," said the man in gray.

"Um—ha!"

And the baker was evidently thinking that possibility over.

The man in gray nervously awaited his reply; for it was at the gate of the house under consideration that the brave deliverer of the viceroy had disappeared.

"The sixth is a large house," slowly observed the baker, without withdrawing his abstracted gaze from the fragment of cake. "Stands in the middle of an extensive garden, with pebbled paths. A line of lime trees in front, near the railing; orange trees running up on the right; lemons on the left? Very nice house. I serve her with bread."

"Who?" asked the man in gray.

"Donna Isabel de la Montera," replied the baker.

"A widow?" inquired the man in gray, not wishing to appear to know more than became his rank, but who, notwithstanding, was as familiar with the name of the lady in question as with his own.

"Relict of the viceroy's late counsellor," answered the baker.

"I see," said the man in gray.

"Very rich and very handsome," said the baker. "Has the greatest run of suitors of any senora in town. Young," he continued, his dull eyes lighting up for the first time during the conversation. "Not over twenty-two," he added, probably desiring to be very particular.

"Liberal?" asked the man in gray, his hands in the pockets of his trunks and vainly feeling round for a stray maravedi.

"As a princess, to those who serve her well."

"I must make love to one of her waiting maids, who doubtless have pretty pickings!" muttered the man in gray to himself. "A slice of broiled chicken with sweetmeats, of an evening, would help a growling stomach along, amazingly!"

"There is a young man *there,*" said the bread-maker, after a pause.

"Yes?" inquired the man in gray, who fancied he knew there was.

"Yes, there is a young man there," repeated the baker.

"Good looking?"

"Rather. Is quite learned, too, they say," he continued, slowly, as if the effort to speak were painful. "Is familiar with several languages, all of which he has taught himself. Fences also with great skill. Is graceful. Full of courage. Proud as Lucifer. Sings and dances well. Tall, slender, vigorous. Large eyes." Looking at the man in gray. "He may be the one?"

"His name?" asked the latter, cautiously, but with the same bland smile that his features had worn throughout the conference.

"Leon."

"Leon, what?"

"I never heard him styled anything else," said the baker. "The widow calls him so, and so do all the girls in the neighborhood, who are crazy after him; but he pays no attention to them."

"No?"

"No; no attention to them. Passes them by as if they were not good enough for him. You would think him a duke or a count, at least, from his manner and appearance; but he is only a proud nobody. A mere secretary!"

"The widow's?"

"The widow's."

"She likes him?"

"Never speaks to him, except on business."

"I see. Who is his father?"

"A poor woodman on the widow's country estate. Not much to be proud of?"

"No," answered the man in gray.

"No, not much to be proud of," continued the bread-maker. "Is he the one?"

"No," returned the man in gray, who had no idea of betraying himself. "But he may dwell in the seventh?"

"You think so?" asked the baker.

The man in gray bowed.

The bread-maker, clearing his throat with another "Um—ha!" turned his eyes sideways, at the scrap of cake, on the floor, in deep, hard thought.

"I don't think he lives *there!*" he remarked, at length.

"O, you don't?"

"No," said the baker, like a man who knows whereof he affirms; "no; I don't think he lives THERE!"

"Why not?" asked the man in gray.

"Because," answered the bread-maker, raising his dull eyes and throwing them with a light, dry twinkle, upon the man in gray, "that house is empty—nobody lives there!"

"Then," said the latter, smiling, as in duty bound, at the joke, but immediately after assuming a lugubrious air, "I must give it up for to-night, and try again, to-morrow. Many thanks for your courtesy, senor. Adieu!"

And he turned from the shop. But once in the street, his countenance lit up with triumph.

"Leon, secretary to Donna Isabel de la Montera!" he exclaimed. "I have the secret! To-morrow I shall make an honest penny!"

CHAPTER III.

THE FIGHT.

As day broke on the following morning, the Marquis de Sorbano might have been seen leaning against the trunk of a huge locust in the small wood appointed for his meeting with Don Juan. He was alone; but calm and collected, every nerve braced to a combative edge, but yet firm and confident.

His eye kindled with pride as he reflected that he was the first upon the ground; and a smile rose to his lip as he fancied the mortification that would fill the breast of his rival at the discovery.

Remembering that in the coming conflict, he had a skilful swordsman to contend with, he lifted up his weapon, and withdrawing the blade, carefully examined both the point and the edge. This done, he stepped back and tried its temper against the body of the locust. The steel yielded to the pressure of his hand till it assumed the shape of an inverted pear, and the point and hilt had met together.

"It will do!" he exclaimed with an air of satisfaction.

"Yes, if its owner's hand and heart be made of as good stuff!" said a mocking voice behind him.

He recognized the tone, and, quickly turning, beheld the hated form of Don Juan, who, with folded arms, was proudly observing him.

"You are alone?" said the marquis.

"The friend I had expected to accompany me was suddenly called from home," returned Don Juan. "But where is yours?"

"The gentleman to whom I looked to attend me, was injured yesterday in attempting to stay the flight of the affrighted horses of his highness the viceroy," replied the marquis.

"Then we will settle this affair without witnesses, senor," said Don Juan.

"I think not!" muttered a voice amid the branches of the locust. It was that of the man in gray. "Gentlemen who make appointments in a public garden, without looking around to see whether they are observed, *sometimes* discover that they have been overheard!"

But these observations were made by the man in gray in confidence to himself, and hence were neither heard by, nor were the cause of any uneasiness to, the cavaliers below, who were industriously engaged in taking off their caps and cloaks and doublets, prior to undertaking the, to them, gratifying task of taking each other's lives.

"A precious pair of simpletons!" muttered the man in gray. "I'll wager a tankard of Burgundy and a garlic stew, that they don't know what they are going to fight about. But so much the better for me! If all the world were wise, where, Pequilo—woulds't thou look to find thy snatches of bread and cheese?"

"In the event of my falling, senor," said Don Juan, who was now in his shirt-sleeves and nearly ready for the combat, "you need give yourself no uneasiness concerning me, as, if I do not return before eight o'clock, my valet will find, lying on my dressing table, a note, addressed to my father, and stating where my body may be found."

"I have taken no such precaution," observed the marquis. "But in case you should be the only survivor, I will thank you to leave a note at the lodgings of my friend the count, whom you saw me with yesterday, informing him of the result."

"I will do so, senor."

"Enough. You are a gentleman, senor, and I have your word."

"As for me," said the man in gray, "I promise that the pockets of the defunct shall be picked so clean as to leave no cause for wrangling among the relatives!"

Having rolled up the sleeves of their linen, the cavaliers grasped their rapiers and threw themselves into position.

"Mark how they glance defiance at each other!" observed the man in gray, as if addressing some one at his side. "I wonder, now, which of their purses has the heaviest lining! The marquis has the look of a man who carries money about him; the other has a more prudent air, and therefore I hope he'll win. His cloak appeared to me yesterday a little seedy. Such fellows spend but little, and though their bags may have more in them, they are generally left at home. Yes, Pequilo, thy interest is on the side of the careful Juan, for whose triumph let us devoutly pray!"

"Come on, senor!" cried the marquis.

"I am ready!" was the response.

And their swords crossed.

"Now for a practical exhibition of blood-letting!" said the man in gray, philosophically. "If the surgical students were here they might obtain some valuable information in regard to making punctures."

The combatants eyed each other warily, and appeared to be mutually conscious that the slightest mistake or want of caution was certain death.

"You are afraid!" said Don Juan, for the purpose of throwing his antagonist off his guard.

"Are you speaking to yourself?" scornfully returned the marquis, who understood him. "I perceive that your cheek is pale!"

"Is it!" cried the other, with a proud smile. "It is in contempt, then, for your lips, which are blanching from terror!"

"Gently, gently!" returned the marquis. "Men fight with steel, women only with their tongues! Are you sure senor, that *you* are a man? If not, I will draw off and put up, as it would disgrace my blade to cross it with one whose milder sex is not of mine. Are you sure you are a man, senor?"

"I am man enough for you!" cried Juan, infuriated at the taunt.

"That remains to be seen!" remarked the man in gray. "I haven't much confidence in men who can not play at their own game without losing their temper."

"Show it, then!" returned the marquis.

He had scarcely spoken, when his antagonist made a sudden and vigorous lunge. The marquis skilfully parried it, but in doing so stepped back two or three paces.

"You are giving ground!" cried Juan mockingly.

"And your thrusts are worthy only of a girlish page!" replied the marquis. "Where is your boasted manhood? Did you leave it at home, senor, in your note?"

Don Juan's eyes flashed lightning.

"This is my answer!" he cried through his pent teeth, as, after a few quick passes, he again lunged fiercely at his foe.

But the latter had his wits about him, and hastily pushing aside the weapon, plunged his own into the young man's chest, and then drew back.

"First blood for the marquis!" observed the man in gray, not without uneasiness.

"Why did you not drive it home?" demanded Don Juan, satirically.

"The bone was in the way," replied the marquis. "But I will try and do better the next time."

"If I had a stone I could drop it on his head, and thus help my friend," muttered the man in gray. "Neither would know where it came from. But," he added, munching his breakfast, in the shape of a hard dry crust, which he had taken from his pocket, "unfortunately, I have no stone, and this bread isn't heavy enough."

The combatants were now fairly aroused. Don Juan, smarting under his wound, which, owing to the bone having been grazed, was exceedingly painful, and enraged at the self-possession of his opponent, chased him, with fierce passes, a considerable distance behind the cypress, and nearly to the end of the clearing. The marquis, finding himself hard pressed, suddenly took a desperate stand, which he held manfully, stoutly refusing to retreat another inch. His courage was shortly rewarded by perceiving his rival give way.

"They are coming back!" muttered the man in gray, peering through the branches. "And this time my man is being pushed. I don't like this. I shall pray to some other saint, if Saint Philip, who pretends to feel a special interest in the welfare of every true son of Spain, of which he is the national saint, don't attend to me better! What is the use of having a patron saint, if one is not benefited by it?"

It will be seen that the man in gray, like many of our own time, patronized religion only when it paid.

On reaching the spot from which they had set out, the combatants mutually drew off, to recover breath, and then engaged again.

This time, as was clearly indicated by their countenances, their blood was wholly up, and each seemed bent upon making it the final struggle.

They came to guard sternly, with every nerve braced for the conflict, and mutually resolved to conquer.

Juan was the first to thrust; but it was designed only for a feint, and the rapier quickly drawn back, and as suddenly re-hurried forward. But the movement was understood by the marquis, who hastily parried it aside, and lunged in return, and with such effect that a gush of blood spirted on his hand as he drew back to recover his guard.

"I might as well pray to a stone as to Saint Philip!" muttered the man in gray, indignantly. "I'll try Saint Dominick, who, having been a conqueror, may perhaps feel for one with a proper spirit!"

Juan, his countenance flushed with mingled confusion and rage, rushed in upon his adversary with a vigor that inspired the man in gray with unbounded confidence in the power of his new patron; but the steadiness with which the marquis sustained himself, subsequently shook his faith in the canonized priest, and induced him to consider the propriety of returning to the original Jacobs—or, begging pardon for the irreverence, to the nation's saint.

The marquis kept his ground with an unfaltering firmness, and at the same time with a flexibility of limb, that rendered the other furiously indignant; there was also a command of hand in his manner of handling his rapier, of which he till now was not himself aware, but which excessively annoyed Don Juan, who felt it in the irresistible pressure of his blade against his own.

The rapiers at length, became, as it were, inextricably intertwined—so rapid, skilful and energetic was their mutual play, till eventually they appeared to be but a single piece of steel, of which each combatant held an end.

But this kind of work, as the man in gray sagely observed, could not last. It was too trying. Human strength could not endure it. Already great baads of sweat were dropping, every other instant, from the forehead of each cavalier. Their teeth were set; grating now and then with a dissonant harshness that was intolerable, especially to the ear of the worthy up in the branches of the locust, whose nerves it set on edge. Their breathings too were becoming short, and quick and dry. While their faces had the peculiar paleness of men conscious that they are in extremity, but who would sooner die than yield or retreat.

Don Juan felt that his wrist was gradually becoming weak and weaker, and that he could not hold out much longer. As this conviction settled in his mind—and certainly it was not a gratifying one—his eyes fairly glittered with rage, and hastily unwinding his weapon from that of his antagonist, he stepped back and as suddenly darted forward, and, beating aside the marquis's rapier, made a last desperate lunge.

The latter, comprehending the idea of the movement, lightly fell back a single step, and evaded the thrust; then quickly twining his own sword with that of the panting Don Juan, he dexterously twisted it from his grasp and sent it whirling through the air. In another instant his Toledo was up to the hilt in the breast of his adversary, who glared at him with an air of baffled hatred, reeled, and then fell at length upon the green sward, which ere long was crimsoned with his blood.

At sight of his prostrate enemy, the marquis was unmanned. This was his first duel, and the sight of blood unnerved him. His enmity fled, and with it all unfriendly thoughts. Tears started to his eyes, and throwing down his weapon, he rushed up to the dying man, and beseeching his forgiveness, generously tendered him his hand.

Don Juan shrunk from him with a vindictive frown, and gathering all his energies for a last effort, spit at him in mingled venom and defiance, and fell back—dead.

"If I ever patronise the treacherous Philip or Dominick again," muttered the man in gray, "may I be condemned to eat decayed eggs without garlic all my time in purgatory. They are the meanest and most unfeeling saints in all the calendar. I'll give my business to some opposition saints of both sexes, and see what will come of it."

"I never shed blood before!" murmured the marquis, despondingly, as he slowly prepared for his departure. "And the memory of this sad instance will hang upon me, like an ever-present gloom, all my days!"

And dashing the spray from his lids, he moved, with a sorrowful step, from the wood.

As he disappeared, the man in gray, dropped lightly from the tree, and approaching the body, laid his hand upon the heart.

"Gone—gone to pot!" he muttered, shaking his head. "And I'll wager he hasn't left enough in his pockets to pay me for the trouble of emptying them! I wonder how his boots would fit me? No, his feet are too small. This shirt might be of service in providing me with a change of linen, if it were not so deeply stained. Mine has not seen the wash tub these six months, and begins to look as if a little soap would improve it; if indeed it would bear rubbing, which I am inclined to doubt. (Feeling the body.) What's this under his girdle? A paper! of importance, perhaps. Ha! what's this? 'Notes confirmative of the whereabouts of Don Garcia de Vega.' Why, that's the knave to whom the crier alluded. I must look to this. I may make a pretty penny by it. Therefore, for the present, precious document, do thou keep close companionship with my shirt—thou perhaps, mayst help to make it a little nearer to thine own white color! And now, friend Pequilo, let's see what we shall find in his pockets. Ha! a knife! a good beginning; I have wanted one a long time. A ring, too? But, bah! only a plain one. Pequilo, let's see what the defunct has in the pouch on the other side? As I live! a purse, and fat as a greasy priest's too! Honest Philip knew what was best for me, after all! A hundred golden pieces! O, won't I have a jolly drunk! No more of Burgundy lees, but the pure liquor itself! Ah, ha! I'm rich! Such velvets as I shall don! There's not a waiting-maid in town but will set her cap for me! I'll pick out half a dozen, in different parts of the city, make love to each, visit one every night, who will of course regale me with the choicest delicacies of the larder, and then I shall live on the fat of the land! Wit is a great thing; but wit and money are irresistible. A hundred golden pieces, a knife, and a ring! A pretty penny! I am in luck! I'll continue my patronage to St. Philip, and give him a couple of candles for his generosity to me this morning! Hark! (putting his ear to the ground.) I hear footsteps. Parties are entering the wood. I must be off. But before we take to our heels, Pequilo, let us sound the depths of the worthy senora's doublet. What—nothing! Well, then, we must be content with what we have obtained from his breeches. Stay! they are coming, which they may now, and welcome. We have the gentleman's money, and therefore can generously afford to leave them the body. Let us respectfully withdraw, and prepare ourself for a visit to his excellency the viceroy."

CHAPTER IV.

FURTHER PROFITS OF THE MAN IN GRAY.

The daring feat of the mysterious stranger, in the preservation of the life of the viceroy, was the one theme every where; that is to say, in the good city of Toledo. It created a general sensation. But, unfortunately for public gossip, nobody could tell the hero's name. One thought he looked like a certain cavalier; another that he bore a striking resemblance to Don somebody; a third, that he appeared like Don so-and-so's son or nephew. But none could say with certainty; and therefore, for want of something better, they, by general consent, styled him 'the mysterious stranger.'

Throughout the city curiosity was strong; but at the palace of the viceroy it literally raged. From the audience hall down to the porter's kitchen, 'Who *is* he?' and 'Who CAN he be?' were about the only words that fell upon the ear. This was in part owing to the anxiety of the viceroy himself upon this point, and partly to the favor which all knew was sure to follow to whoever could answer the query. But the night wore away, and the morning also, and the mysterious unknown still remained undiscovered.

At length as the dial announced the hour of noon, a stranger, evidently fresh from his toilet, and smelling of the stupifying scents which are thrown out by those who have recently emerged from a barber's, presented himself to the first porter, with a bland smile.

It was the magnificent patron of the national saint—the man in gray; but in a new suit of glittering velvet, of the same color as his old dress, thereby conclusively showing that gray was with him the one great color, if not part and parcel of his individuality. In his new clothes, his slender, middling-sized figure showed to advantage; and his face being clean, his bold, saucy and somewhat handsome features were admiraby adapted to inspire the first porter with a proper degree of respect.

"I learn from public report," said the man in gray, "that his excellency is in great distress concerning the name and address of the horseman who yesterday rescued his excellency from an untimely death in the Tagus."

"True, senor," replied the first porter. "His excellency, as you say, is certainly in great distress, from which I should deem it both a pleasure and an honor to relieve him. Perhaps, senor," he added, somewhat excitedly, in view of favor, "perhaps, senor, you will graciously enable me to do so? Stand back, varlets—stand back!" he cried, turning furiously to half a score of lackeys behind him in the hall, who, having overheard the visitor, were stealthily drawing near to catch the remainder. "Return to your posts. The gentleman is kindly about to communicate his information in confidence to me alone. Back, varlets. His name you said, senor, is——"

"His excelleney will perhaps inform you after my departure!" answered the man in gray, with a gracious smile.

The first porter blushed; the varlets tittered: and the man in gray, at a "This way, senor!" from an usher, standing at the foot of a broad staircase, passed up to the audience hall, which was thronged with courtly dames and cavaliers, who surveyed the new comer with a supercilious stare, which he returned with interest.

As preceded by the usher, he approached the door of the inner apartment, or cabinet, he beheld issuing therefrom a personage whose appearance caused him to blush, and avert his eyes—but only for an instant; his native impudence came again to his aid, and he passed on to the next usher as coolly as though he had been familiar with such scenes and incidents all his days.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

◆

STRANGE DEATH WARNING.

The following story is related in a German journal:—"Dr. Westphal, a clergyman of Brunswick, died on the 20th of February, in the year 1847. Many persons intimate with the deceased allege, that for several years past he had looked forward to the 20th of February, 1847, as the day of his death. This superstitious presentiment he accounted for as follows:—He declared that, whilst he was officiating as the pastor of a secluded country village, he was aroused one night by a knocking at his door. On rising from his bed and looking out of his chamber window, he perceived a man with a lantern in his hand. Supposing that some sick or dying person required his spiritual aid, he hastily dressed himself and opened the door. To his questions the man replied only by signs, indicating his wish that Dr. Westphal should follow him. The doctor did so; and, to his astonishment, was conducted through the churchyard, and to the front of the church-door. On the door he saw distinctly written the following words:—'Dr. Westphal died Feb. 20th, 1847.' Whilst he stood intently gazing on this inscription his conductor disappeared. The doctor made some marks on the church-door, and these marks were visible next day, when he went to look for them, a fact which served to convince him that he had not been under the delusion of a dream. He communicated these circumstances to his family, to whom, for several years past, the month of February has been an interval of grief and anxiety. Whether from the effects of nervous excitement, or from whatever cause, it is impossible to determine, but Dr. Westphal expired on the day to which he had long confidently looked forward as the last of his existence —the 20th of February, 1847."

A SCENE IN A JURY-ROOM.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

I once had the extreme felicity of leaving my business to serve upon "*the Jury*." I plead in all manner of ways for release, but to no effect. I could not swear that I was deaf, nor blind, nor yet *non compos*: but I did tell them that I had already formed an opinion. They asked me if my opinion would prevent me from receiving the testimony in good faith, and rendering a verdict according to it. I replied that of course I should weigh the evidence carefully, and be governed by it. I was then informed that I "would do."

The case to be tried was one of Arson—then a capital offence—and the prisoner at the bar was a young man, named Charles Ambold, whom I had known from boyhood, and who was naturally one of the finest youths of the town where he resided. He had a widowed mother, who depended upon him for support; and his circle of friends was large and choice. I was morally certain that he did not commit the crime, and hence, I am sure, those who were friendly to him got me upon the pannel, and had me retained.

The trial commenced and we twelve men took our seats in the jury-box. I had a very respectable set with me—only there was one man whom I didn't like to see there. This man was Moulton Warren. He was a dark-faced, sinister-looking fellow—at least to me. I knew that young Ambold had one fault. He had recently been addicted to drink, and had been known to visit disreputable houses. It was one of those houses that had been burned, for setting fire to which he had been apprehended.

Now I had often tried to persuade Charles Ambold from the course he was pursuing. He had repeatedly promised me that he would reform, and as repeatedly had he broken away. I had often talked to him of his poor mother, until he had wept like a child; but the effect was not lasting. There was a power of temptation more effective than any influence I could wield. He would fall away into this evil companionship, and for a while his manhood was gone. One or two abandoned women had gained great power over him, and upon them he wasted much of his substance.

And I knew that this very man who was now upon the jury—this Moulton Warren—was the one who had done more than all others to lead the poor youth away. It was Warren who had drunk with him, who had caroused with him, and who had led him away to those more abominable haunts of sin and pollution. Why was he upon the jury? I could only account for it upon the ground that Charley still supposed him to be his friend. The poor scorched insect was still ignorant of the flame that seared him. He really believed that Moulton Warren was his friend.

The trial commenced. The indictment set forth that Charles Ambold had, "with malice aforethought," and with all sorts of wicked and felonious intents, set fire to a certain dwelling-house, thereby endangering human life. This dwelling, as I have already intimated, was a low sink of iniquity, where the abandoned of both sexes were wont to congregate; and where the youthful prisoner had spent much of his time.

The evidence for the prosecution came on, and I was startled. One after another gave in their testimony, some of them very reluctantly, and I was frightened when I saw how plainly it all pointed to the prisoner as the guilty party. Several credible witnesses swore that they had heard him threaten to burn the house down; and others had heard him say repeatedly that *he wished* it were burned down! Then came several witnesses—three of them prominent citizens—who saw him lurking about the premises on the night of the fire.

With regard to the provocation on the prisoner's part for such a deed, it was proved upon his own admission, that he had been ill-treated there, and that he had sworn to have revenge. And furthermore, it was proved that he had been heard to say, that his salvation of soul and body depended upon the destruction of that house. Next came some testimony stronger still.

The fire had been set in a back basement room, where shavings and other stuff for kindling were kept. Entrance had been gained through a back window, which had been partly pried open with a stout knife. This basement wall was of brick, and beneath the sash was found the blade of a knife which had been broken off in trying to raise it (the sash). This blade was recognised as belonging to the prisoner's knife! A maker of cutlery had made a knife to order for Ambold only a month previous, and he knew the blade at once, and swore to it!

But this was not all. The fire had been evidently set first to the shavings which lay upon the stone floor, but piled up against a wooden partition. This floor was damp, and some of the outer shavings, even, were not wholly burned up. But just at the edge, where the fire commenced, lay a piece of paper, rolled up, and about half burned; and from the manner in which it lay, it was very evident that the fire had been set with it. This piece of rolled paper had been ignited by a match, a number of which were scattered around, and as soon as it was on fire it had been laid upon the floor, with the burning end just in the shavings. Of course these shavings were in a blaze instantly; but the paper torch, being upon the damp stones, had not burned wholly up.

And this paper was found to be a part of a letter belonging to the prisoner! A letter which he had received from a friend of his (and a friend of mine) only a week before! That friend had to come forward and swear that that piece of charred paper was a part of a letter he had written to the prisoner! This friend's name was Stephen Grant. He was a young merchant, and the letter had been written for the purpose of inducing Ambold to reform. Stephen tried hard to avoid testifying, for he knew, as did others, that the fire must have been set with that identical paper; but he was summoned, and he could not deny his own chirography.

The case looked dark. Many witnesses were willing to testify to the prisoner's good qualities; but not one could swear that he was not dissipated and degraded. That house had been to him, indeed, a region infernal. It's destruction cried out for his bodily life; and its existence had long been eating away his soul. Poor Charley! I had before been sure of his innocence; but now I could only shake my head and pity him!

Finally he was allowed to speak for himself. He said he was innocent of the crime imputed to him. He said that he had threatened to burn that house down—that he had said about all that had been sworn to. And, furthermore, he was around the house on the night of the fire. He was not ten rods off when the flames burst forth, and he was one of the first to give the alarm. He had uttered one cry of fire when he noticed where the flames must have originated, and the thought came to him if he were found there, he might be suspected of having set the fire; so he run away.

He also said that three nights before the conflagration, he had been robbed in that house. His pockets had been emptied of everything in them, and his pocket-book, containing forty dollars in money, and some valuable papers, had been taken. He had gone there on the night of the fire to try to persuade them to give him back his money and papers,—or, at least, to get back what he could. When he got there he saw a man go in whom he did not wish to see, so he had hung around, waiting for him to depart. He was around by the back part of the building once, and only once—and that was an hour before the fire broke out. He knew nothing of it—nothing. He clasped his hands, and with his tearless eyes raised toward heaven, he called on God to witness that he was innocent!

I have told you that I knew him well. I knew him so well, that from that moment I knew him to be innocent! I knew his very soul—I knew how free and open it was—ah! how sinfully so!—and I knew that there was no falsehood in the story he had told to us.

"My boy is innocent! My boy is innocent!"

I heard the cry—and I saw an old woman sink back into the arms of a male companion. It was his poor mother! Her heart was well nigh broken! Yet I saw that all this had but little effect upon the mass of the spectators. The prisoner's course of dissipation—his many threats against the house—and the very fact of his having been robbed and abused there, were heavy against him.

The counsel for the prisoner made his plea which was labored and hard. He was foolish enough to intimate that if his client *was* around at the back part of the house more than once, he must have been intoxicated. In short, his plea had better been left out. The evidence he could not shake, and he did all he could to suppose evidence, some of it most absurd and ridiculous. I afterwards learned that Moulton Warren engaged that lawyer for the youthful prisoner! The government attorney made his plea. It was plain, straightforward, and very conclusive

The judge finally gave his charge. He was fair and candid. He reviewed the evidence carefully, and pointed out such as bore heavily upon the case. He told us if there was a lingering doubt in our minds we must give the prisoner the benefit of it. But I could plainly see that there was no doubt in his mind.

We—the jury—were conducted to our room by an officer, and there locked up. A silence of some minutes ensued. Moulton Warren was the first to speak:

"Well," he said, "I s'pose there's no need of our bein' *here* a great while. Of course we all know that the prisoner must 'ave sot fire to the house!"

There was something in the manner of that man as he said this which excited my curiosity—I won't say it was suspicion then—only curiosity. He spoke with a forced effort at calmness which I at once perceived. The more I looked at him the more I became strangely nervous and uneasy. I wondered why *he* should be so anxious to be rid of the case, and have Ambold convicted. I knew that he had frequented that evil house, and that he had done much towards tempting Charley to dissipation. I knew he was in that house on the night on which the prisoner was robbed—for Charley had told me so when I visited him in his cell. I had then asked the unfortunate youth if he was sure Warren was his friend. O—he was sure of it. He should have hunted him up on the night of his robbery, only they told him Warren had gone.

By and bye the foreman proposed that we should each take a piece of paper and write down our opinion, and then compare notes. I went to my hat, which I had placed upon a table with a number of others, and took out a half sheet of paper. I had got half way back to the table when I found I had made a mistake. I had got part of a letter from another man's hat. I was about to turn back when the name of the writer of the letter arrested my attention. I looked more closely, and read—"STEPHEN GRANT." Next I caught this sentence,—

"*And now, dear Charles, if not for your own, yet for your mother's sake, let me hope you will do better.*"

I started as though a shot had struck me. I held in my hand the other half of the sheet which had been used to fire the burned house! I went to the table and found that I had taken it from Moulton Warren's hat! I looked to see if I had been observed—and I had not. I put the paper back, and then took a piece from my own hat, which was of the same pattern as the other, and by its side.

I returned to the table and sat down. Warren was by my side. He had written his opinion, and took a knife from his pocket to cut it out from the large sheet.

"Let me take your knife a moment, if you please," I said to him.

Without hesitation he did so. I took it—*it was Charles Ambold's knife! The large blade was gone!* With all the power I possessed I restrained my deep emotions, and having cut my paper I handed back the knife.

Why should he have that knife so boldly about him? I afterwards learned. He had not worn those pantaloons before since the night of the fire; and now he used the knife, probably, without the least remembrance of the loss it had sustained during a very peculiar piece of work, to the execution of which it was made subservient.

We talked for some ten minutes, and I found that eleven of the jury were bent upon rendering a verdict of guilty; though most of them were in favor of recommending the prisoner to mercy. Moulton Warren was decided. He had no mercy at all.

Presently I started up and pretended to be faint. I said I must go out a few moments. I kicked at the door, and the deputy sheriff came. He heard my plea, and let me out. As soon as we had gained a safe distance I told him all. He was astounded. He went away, and when he came back he brought the district attorney and the sheriff. I told again what I had seen—I assured them that I *knew* what I had seen—that it was no mere suspicion. And I explained, too, Warren's manner in the jury-room, his former connection with the prisoner, and his known character.

These officers went away, and at the end of ten minutes they returned with a constable added to their number, and this constable had a freshly-written instrument in his hand. The sheriff bade me to point out the hat to them as soon as we entered the room.

The door of the room was opened, and I pointed them to the hat. The sheriff took it, and asked whose it was. Warren leaped to his feet, and would have seized it, but he was held back.

Word was instantly sent to the judge that the jury could not agree. They were discharged, and then Moulton Warren was searched. The knife was found upon him, and his behavior at once exposed his guilt. The presence of that letter was accounted for by him in a dozen different ways within an hour.

A new jury was impanelled, and Charles Ambold was acquitted. Shortly afterwards Warren was tried, and it was plainly proved that he had set fire to the house, and that the woman who kept it was to have been burned up in it, as he had contrived to lock her into her room shortly before setting the fire. She had incurred his displeasure in various ways, and this was his revenge. Not only she, but two of her girls had suspected him from the first, but they dared not complain, for fear he would not be convicted, and would then be sure to murder them.

The hardened villain confessed his guilt after he had been condemned, and then it was that he told how he happened to be so careless in regard to the paper and the knife. It was he who had robbed Ambold, and when he took the old letter from his hat to use for a torch in setting the fire, he did not notice what it was, and even when that partly-burned half had been exhibited in court he had entirely forgotten that he had torn off the other half and put it back in his hat, as he must have done. The letter had been found in Ambold's pocket-book, and he had kept it because in it the youth was warned against *his* influence. He confessed that he held a slight idea of calling the writer to an account when it should become convenient. With regard to the knife, it was as I before stated. He had taken that also from Ambold's pocket, and put it in his own; and on the night of the fire he used it to pry up the sash with, and when he had broken it, he put it back in his pocket and forgot it.

Thus was Charley saved—and saved from more than an ignominious death, too. He was saved to be a noble, virtuous man; and his mother once more took ample delight and joy in the love and tender care of her only child.

When Charles Ambold knew that Moulton Warren had expiated his crime upon the gallows, he sat down and pondered upon his past life. The thought of his old companion's being hanged sent a strange thrill through his frame. But he was able to trace out, clearly aud logically, this terrible result from the course of life the ill-fated man had pursued. He shuddered as he remembered how far he had gone in the same course himself; and he was able to see the only safe path for any youth.

Not only must he shun temptation—not only keep clear of even the appearance of vice—but, above all, must he shun all evil companionship. A youth may take all the good resolutions thought can afford, but if he continue one evil companionship he is not safe!

◆

THE BASIS OF TRUE COURAGE.

Religious fear, when it is produced by just apprehensions of a divine power, naturally overlooks all human greatness that stands in connection with it, and extinguishes every other terror that can settle itself in the heart of man; it lessons and contracts the figure of the most exalted person; it disarms the tyrant and executioner; and represents to our minds the most enraged and the most powerful as altogether harmless and impotent.

There is no true fortitude which is not founded upon this fear, as there is no other principle of so settled and fixed a nature. Courage that grows from constitution, very often forsakes a man when he has occasion for it; and when it is only a kind of instinct in the soul, breaks out on all occasions without judgment or discretion. That courage which proceeds from the sense of our duty, and from the fear of offending Him that made us, acts always in a uniform manner, and according to the dictates of right reason.

What can the man fear, who takes care in all his actions to please a being that is omnipotent? A being who is able to crush all his adversaries? A being that can divert any misfortune from befalling him, or turn any such misfortune to his advantage? The person who lives with this constant and habitual regard to the great superintendant of the world, is indeed sure that no real evil can come into his lot.

Blessings may appear in the shape of pains, losses, and disappointments; but let him have patience, and he will see them in their proper figures. Dangers may threaten him, but he may rest satisfied that they will either not reach him; or that, if they do, they will be the instruments of good to him. In short, he may look upon all crosses and accidents, sufferings and afflictions, as means which are made use of to bring him to happiness. This is even the worst of that man's condition whose mind is possessed with the habitual fear of which we are now speaking. But it very often happens, that those which appear evils in our own eyes, appear also as such to him who has human nature under his care; in which case they are certainly averted from the person who has made himself by this virtue an object of divine favor. Histories are full of instances of this nature, where men of virtue have had extraordinary escapes out of such dangers as have enclosed them, and which have seemed inevitable.

There is no example of this kind in pagan history which more pleases us than that which is recorded in the life of Timoleon. This extraordinary man was famous for referring all his successes to Providence; and he had in his house a private chapel, in which he used to pay his devotions to the goddess who represented Providence among the heathens. Three persons had entered into a conspiracy to murder Timoleon, as he was offering up his devotions. In order to it, they took their stands in the most convenient places for their purpose. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their design in execution, a stranger having observed one of the conspirators, fell upon him and slew him. Upon which, the other two, thinking their plot had been discovered, threw themselves at Timoleon's feet, and confessed the whole matter. This stranger, upon examination, was found to have understood nothing of the intended assassination; but having several years before had a brother killed by the conspirator, whom he here put to death, and having till now sought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer near the temple, who had planted himself there for the above-mentioned purpose. Plutarch cannot forbear on this occasion, speaking with a kind of rapture on the schemes of Providence; which, in this particular, had so contrived it, that the stranger should, for so great a space of time, be debarred the means of doing justice to his brother, until by the same blow that revenged the death of one innocent man, he preserved the life of another.

◆

A UNIVERSAL TERROR.—The prospect of penury in age is so gloomy and terrifying, that every man who looks before him must resolve to avoid it; and it must be avoided generally by the science of sparing. For though in every age there are some who, by bold adventures, or by favorable accidents, rise suddenly to riches, yet it is dangerous to indulge hopes of such rare events: and the bulk of mankind must owe their affluence to small and gradual profits, below which their expense must be resolutely reduced.

◆

THE SECRET OF DILIGENCE.—"Seest thou a man diligent in his business?" says Solomon, "he shall stand before kings." We have a striking illustration of this aphorism in the life of Dr. Franklin, who, quoting the sentence himself, adds: "This is true; I have stood in the presence of five kings, and once had the honor of dining with one." All in consequence of his having been "diligent in business" from his earliest years. What a lesson is this for our youth, and for us all!

"OLD MAIDS."

> "Let them anatomise Regan, and see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?" *King Lear.*

It is a very general supposition that those women sneeringly characterized *old maids* are heartless, but so far as my observation goes, they have really the best and tenderest hearts that I have been made acquainted with.

That they have not married is very seldom owing to the want of opportunity, though in some instances this may be the case, for usually their talents are not of that dashing and showy order most appreciable to men.

One excellent quality they are almost always found possessed of—good common sense—a strong evidence of it exists in the fact of their being *old maids*—they estimate wisely the needs of their natures, and prudently prefer their "maiden meditations, fancy free," to the selling of their birthrights for a mess of pottage. A thousand times they have seen their more credulous sisterhood essay the experiment of making a silk purse out of a sow's ear (the readers will pardon allusion to the homely adage,) and they are satisfied it cannot be done, without themselves waisting their notable stitchwork.

They understand very well that the position they occupy is not the highest and noblest one ordained for women, but they cannot see that it would mend matters at all to make themselves up into merchantable articles, advertise themselves for sale, be appropriated by the highest bidder, to darn his stockings, roast his potatoes, or preside in his drawing-room, as the case might require, especially when to gain this bad eminence, if it be an eminence, they are required to make oath of everlasting allegience to their master,—nay, more, to *love* and *honor* as well as obey—as if to love and honor could be imposed upon woman by any requisition except the law of her heart, though she swore to do so by every star in heaven.

To the opprobrious epithet, *old maid*, a dozen uncharitable accusations join themselves immediately, for by the dint of sneer and jeer it has come to be believed almost universally, that a woman who is past twenty-five, and is unmarried, feeds upon scandal, tears out the eyes of pretty young women and children—drains the teapot, and bestows all the little charity she has upon cats!

I have known in the course of my life a good many old maids, and I cannot now recall a single one whose life was not a contradiction of the lies that closed about her like an atmosphere—I recall several of the most modest, self-sacrificing and exemplary women it has ever been my happiness to know.

Who of all the neighbors is likeliest to be sent for to take charge of the family when the wife and mother goes away visiting?—who is called on when the fever breaks out?—who makes the shroud, and lends her one black silk dress and crape shawl, over and over without grudging? Why, in almost every instance, it is one of that abused class whose hearts are truer and tenderer, and whose hands are readier to do what they find to do, than any other hands. Scarcely a family is there that has not at some time found one of these pitied and excommunicated women a ministering angel. And yet, after all, "the hungry generations tread them down," carelessly as ever—because, forsooth, they are unmarried! Though why marriage should be so distinguishing an honor when it is simply the result of a scheme, or the consummation of a contract, as too often happens, I cannot for the life of me, understand, though no one shall exceed me in reverent homage of that most beautiful of the ordinancies of life, when it *is* beautiful. I have no slur to cast upon it—heaven forbid that ever I should "to the marriage of true minds admit impediments," much less impose them —but the counterfeit is always base, and it is that I war against.

The scentless rose manufactured of painted paper or muslin is nearer akin to that bright blushing flower whose root is in the earth, and whose breath makes the air so delicate a luxury, than the marriage of chance or convenience, to that of love. Woman is naturally timid, shrinking above all things from ridicule, against which she is least able to defend herself, and I believe, and regret to believe, that the fear of that opprobrium which comes with a damning certainty, often before the first grey hair, has driven many and many an one into that most despicable and miserable sham of shams —unsanctified marriage.

All credit to those say I, who have the courage to brave expatriation—the strength to resist temptation, and wear meekly and unobtrusively that most beautiful ornament woman can wear—truth. And she is true to the best aspirations of her nature—true to her purest convictions who keeps her heart for the heaven above her, if she cannot find it in the world below. If she does not find it here, it is her misfortune, not her fault, and why on this account she should be the laughing-stock, except "of devils and of fools," I am at a loss to conceive. If the shame and dishonor were bestowed where they are due—upon those women who "have subdued nature to such lowness" as to barter body and soul for a silk gown and a mutton chop—if they fell like thunderbolts, and "singed the old white heads" that bargain daily for youth and beauty—there would be less sneering at old maids; but, as it is, their merits are not for the fashion of the times, and "when I desired leave that I might pity them, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of them, entreat them, nor in any way sustain them."

ALICE CARY.

◆

GREAT RICHES UNDESIRABLE.

Whosoever shall look heedfully upon those who are eminent for their riches, will not think their condition such as that he should hazard his quiet, and much less his virtue, to obtain it. For all that great wealth generally gives above a moderate fortune, is more room for the freaks of caprice, and more privilege for ignorance and vice, a quicker succession of flatteries, and a larger circle of voluptuousness.

There is one reason seldom remarked which makes riches less desirable. Too much wealth is very frequently the occasion of poverty. He whom the wantonness of abundance has once softened, easily sinks into neglect of his affairs; and he that thinks he can afford to be negligent, is not far from being poor. He will soon be involved in perplexities, which his inexperience will render insurmountable; he will fly for help to those whose interest it is that he should be more distressed, and and will be at last torn to pieces by the vultures that always hover over fortunes in decay.

◆

A PAINFUL OCCURRENCE.—There is not, perhaps, to a mind well instructed, a more painful occurrence, than the death of one whom we have injured without reparation. Our crime seems now irretrievable; it is indelibly recorded, and the stamp of fate is fixed upon it. We consider, with the most afflictive anguish, the pain which we have given, and now cannot alleviate, and the losses which we have caused, and now cannot repair.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 9.

Our only terms.—Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $6; eight copies, $12; Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1,50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free*. It will be useless for parties to write us insisting on our taking large clubs at lower rates. An elegant family paper like the Ledger, (containing no advertisements,) cannot be afforded at less than these terms. We do not want any clubs formed in towns where there are news-offices established. Terms, invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year.

No Travelling Agents.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends hereafter to act as such you can put him down as a swindler. The best way to get our paper is at the book and periodical stores; but if you happen not to be within reach of one, then you can send us two dollars, and we will mail it to you.

We will be responsible for all monies sent us in registered letters, and not otherwise. It costs but *five cents* to get a letter registered at any post-office—and this *insures* the party sending money against loss.

Rejected Manuscripts.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

CHINA.

Our government proposes to be a close spectator, if not an active participator, of the new combination forming against the "Flowery Land." Whatever it does, let it do no injustice to the Chinese. Western civilization can never be righteously thrust upon the East—and be it borne in mind, that we have not given warm welcome to Celestials in our Pacific territory, and also that a great body of people in our midst are advocates of as proscriptive doctrines as those of Chinese isolation and contempt for "the rest of mankind." With Asia, our commerce, until recently, has been scarcely worthy of notice. The great distance—from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand miles before our advent on the shores of the Pacific—between the United States and China and Japan, deterred our commercial enterprise from competing even with the British, Portuguese, Dutch and French, in a trade, rich though thus far wrung scantily from the Orientals by fraud, treachery and violence. But events of the past few years have vastly abridged the space between us and the Chinese, bringing us near to her geographically, as it may bring us commercially, if we avoid the errors or wickedness of policy which has brought the British and Portuguese names into odium in the "further" East.

We are an enterprising and trading people, and our place in the front rank of nations depends largely upon our commerce being pushed to the verge of the globe; but it would be far better for us to trade less and stand back, than to crowd our fortunes on a tide of injustice and bloodshed, such as has swollen British despotism in the East. Why should we trample on the laws and prejudices of the Chinese, more than upon those of European States. The Chinese and Japanese are not difficult of approach, except to suspected robbers, such as for two centuries past the Dutch, Portuguese and British, have too often proved themselves in their intercourse with China. For a thousand years the Arabians, Nestorians, Parsees and Persians, had free intercourse with the Chinese, simply because they acted honorably. As long ago as when Britain was unknown, commercially, China traded with many nations and encouraged trade, having at her Court Ambassadors from Imperial Rome. And now, while Britain is exacting a petty trade at the cannon's mouth from five or six "free ports"—being utterly excluded, as she deserves, from the interior—Russia enjoys a free overland trade, and the two Emperors (at least before the death of Nicholas) have long held near and confidant political relations.

Why is it?—why has it been, that the Chinese trade freely with some nations and shut the door to others? The reason is clear and simple. Arabians, Persians, and Russians, did not at the start assume that the Chinese were barbarians or effeminates, who could and might be plundered and insulted at pleasure, but acknowledged them as a powerful, honorable, and in many respects highly-civilized people; just in their dealings with foreigners, and not more tenacious of their own powers and peculiarities, nor more conceited than the most enlightened Europeans. If any people have a right to be conceited, it is certainly the Chinese, who can point to a well-developed nationality, and a high state of arts and learning, when the present first-rate nations of Europe were little more than herds of barbarians and robbers. Had we, as a nation, no more than half the civilization and power of the Chinese, we should spurn from us any people coming to our shores to poison us, rob us, and cut our throats in case we objected. We should not debate long about *the right to isolate ourselves*. Let us only convince the Asiatics that we are a just and honorable people, and not a nation of plunderers, and we shall have abundant access to their trade and confidence. The doctrine, though held by some such men as John Quincy Adams, that nations that will not come voluntarily, should be forced to come into the family of nations, is repugnant to the sovereignty of any and every people. Of all peoples, we should be the last to preach or practice such a doctrine—it might some day react upon us, should combined Europe think it best to graft her ideas and policy upon the New World.

◆

SAVE IT.

Yes, young man, save it. Put it in a safe place, and add to it often. We refer to the half-dime you are about to expend for a cigar, or the dime you are on the point of foolishly exchanging for "a drink." Get a stout box made, and whenever you are tempted to spend your coin for a useless indulgence, drop it in said box instead, and listen to its musical jingle. Ah! you have no idea how those three-cent bits, and half-dimes, and dimes, and quarters, count up. But try this box savings-bank for a year, and then count your coin, and you will learn how much money you might have wasted. And not only wasted money, but time—precious, priceless time, and formed habits of idleness and dissipation which cling to their unfortunate possessor as the fabled poisonous shirt of Nessus clung to him who once put it on. Yes, save your money, young man, and spend your leisure hours at home with your mother or your sisters, and occupy yourself with earnest, judicious study, and instead of being a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for others in your declining days, you will stand a chance of taking rank with the great, and prosperous, and honored ones of the earth.

SPRINGS OF ENTERPRISE.

Human enterprise, as well as wooden clocks, requires springs and weights to set and keep it in motion. From accident some of its greatest and noblest displays have resulted. The gold discovery in California is an example. The current of a mill-race unearthed a few shining particles, and in less than a twelve-month an almost wilderness territory, distant to many who sought it eighteen hundred miles, swarmed with tens of thousands of adventurers from every quarter of the globe. As by magic an enterprise sprung to existence, embracing fleets of ships, with ventures of millions of dollars of every conceivable product and merchandize, while daring men of all civilized nations contended for the prize of gold—a prize the most alluring known to man since the beginning of time.

What a tremendous revolution in the pursuits and thoughts of thousands—hundreds of thousands—has the revelation of that mill-race produced. What stupendous enterprise took birth and continues from a simple incident. A new direction given to commerce, a new field to brave aspiration, and a new path to empire. It is as but yesterday that the dwellers on the shores of the Atlantic first listened to the dazzling story of untold riches in the sands on the shores of the Pacific—but yesterday, that feverish dreams and thirst for gold were kindled in millions of hearts; and to-day,—despite distance, danger and suffering; despite the sacrifice of comfort, home and friends, a populous State, drained from our bravest young men,—is planted on those golden sands.

And all this splendid enterprise, fringing the sea-shores with ships, and pouring a living tide to fell forests, mine the earth, reclaim the wilderness—or transform it—and found hamlets and cities in waste places, where would it be but for that mill-race development—that accidental gold-spring given to human ambition? It would exist—as, undisturbed, it ever exists—latent as the ore a thousand feet below the earth's surface, which, when moulded, becomes the forge-hammer, the axe, the plough, and the fire-horse. Look at the half-slumbering races of South America, among whom, short of some golden spur, enterprise is undreamed of, and see how enterprise can be kindled by a spring—by an accident—in the most sluggish. And mark what the discovery of gold in California has done for golden enterprises in other regions. It has inspired scientific commissions to examine the Ural mountains; it has led a successful search for gold almost within hail of the decaying capital of old gold-gorged Spain; it has sharpened the miner's "pick" among the hills of Virginia, on the plains of Georgia and Carolina, and along the tributaries of the Mississippi.

Gold may be turned to a curse. It *has* cursed individuals and nations. Spain lies writhing under its withering power, and the Indies and African coasts, have been desolated by it; still, curse and ruin come only from its misuse—from the worship of it. Turned to a right account, it is a glorious agent for human good. A facilitator of enterprize, commerce, art, science, the comforts and luxuries of life, and the interchange and gratification of human thought. If the gold mines of California were to disappear to-day, and forever, what vast good have they done mankind. They have roused slumbering energy and genius to activity, and given a new conquering direction to enterprise, art, and empire. The world, by comparison with the past, is a century older in experience and aspiration, than on the day which first gave California gold to man. Commerce, adventure, and, above all, explorative enthusiasm, are expanded to a point which no pricking or spurring short of gold, could accomplish. A new era dates from the California discoveries—the era of unparalleled peaceful enterprise. Thus does the wonderful Providence of God turn what appear to be the accidents of earth into the mightiest springs of human enterprise and triumph.

◆

SATURDAY EVENING THOUGHTS.

To-morrow is the dear Sabbath—the hallowed of days. The dear Sabbath, when the denizen of the city and the tired ploughman, will alike gladly rest from their labors. Day of rest, and happy and sacred communion of hearts sundered by the cares and strifes of the busy week. What if this holy day were obliterated, and we knew no Sabbath? How soon, without such a rallying point for the kindlier feelings and affections, would man be cut loose from humanity. The unbroken pursuit of fortune and fame, would certainly blind him to the tenderer sympathies awakened and kept alive by the Sabbath—and Sabbath, too, at this sweet season of the year, when the earth is everywhere putting on its robes of young grass and leaves, and delicate flowers. Verdure and perfume upon the hills and valleys, and filling the warm air, are a fitting accompaniment of the Spring-Sabbath.

What music there will be to-morrow of matin and vesper-bells—organs and "innumerable choirs"—birds singing in the awakening woods, and brooks ringing out their clear voices as they glance through the meadows under the golden sparkles of the Sun. To feel with intense force the spirit and beauty of the Spring-Sabbath, one must ascend to some height, from whence he can, calmly and alone, survey the rejoicing world. All business has ceased; the rushing tide of busy life has subsided to the quiet of a smooth-faced river. There is a sound of melody in the air, rising from undistinguishable fountains, rich, deep, and all-pervading. It is a music which one feels rather than hears—a religious atmosphere within the natural, inspired and toned by the serene and hallowed Sabbath. Whether in the narrow temples built by human hands, or out in the great temple of God—the universe—to-morrow will be a day of rest and joy to every one who regards it truly as the Sabbath.

◆

MAY.

Various versions of the origin of the name of "May" have been put forth by antiquarians, philologists and etymologists. One version represents it as the namesake of *Maia*, the brightest of the Pleiades, and the daughter of Atlas, the supporter of the world, and Pleione, a sea-nymph, according to classic fable, and therefore gloriously descended, surely. Another attributes the name to the dedication of this month by Romulus, the founder of Rome, to the *Majores*, or Roman Senators. Verstegan says the Anglo-Saxons called "the pleasant moneth of May *Trimilki*, because they gave their kine *three milkings* a day at this season of the year."

In allusion to Castor and Pollux, "the twinnes of Leda," who, according to the mythological notions of the constellations, are wont to light the sailors during the storms of May, an old poet thus describes her in a procession of the months:

> Then came fair May, the fayrest mayd on ground,
> Deckt all with dainties of her season's pryde,
> And throwing flowers out of her lap around:
> Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
> The twinnes of Leda, which on either side
> Supported her like to their soveraine queene.
> Lord! how all creatures laught, when her they spide
> And leapt and danc't as they had ravisht beene!
> And Cupid selfe about her fluttred, all in greene.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

PARENT AND CHILD;

OR,

WHICH SHALL RULE.

"Give me two cents, I say, or I'll kick you!"

I turned to look at the threatener. It was a little fellow about as tall as my sun-shade, stamping defiance at a fine, matronly-looking woman, who must have been his mother, so like were her large black eyes to the gleaming orbs of the boy. "Give me two cents, I say, or I'll kick you," he repeated, tugging fiercely at her silk dress to find the pocket, while every feature in his handsome face was distorted with passion. Surely she will not do it, said I to myself, anxiously awaiting the issue, as I apparently examined some ribbons in a shop-window; surely she will not be so mad, so foolish, so untrue to herself, so untrue to her child, so belie the beautiful picture of healthy maternity, so God-impressed in that finely developed form, and animated face. Oh, if I might speak to her, and beg her not to do it, thought I, as she put her hand in her pocket, and the fierce look died away on the boy's face, and was succeeded by one of triumph; if I might tell her that she is fostering the noisome weeds that will surely choke the flowers—sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind.

"But the boy is so passionate; it is less trouble to grant his request than to deny him." Granting this were so; who gave you a right to weigh your own ease in the balance with your child's soul? Who gave you a right to educate him for a convict's cell, or the gallows? But, thoughtless—weakly indulgent—cruel-kind mother, it is not easier, as you selfishly, short-sightedly reason, to grant his request than to deny it; not easier for him—not easier for you. The appetite for rule grows by what it feeds on. Is he less domineering now than he was yesterday? Will he be less so to-morrow than he is to-day? Certainly not.

"But I have not time to contest every inch of ground with him." Take time then—make time; neglect everything else, but neglect not that. With every child comes this turning point: *Which shall be the victor—my mother or I?* and it must be met. She is no true mother who dodges or evades it. True—there will be a fierce struggle at first, but be firm as a rock—recede not one inch—there may be two—three—or even more, but the battle once won, as won it shall be if you are a faithful mother, it is won for this world, aye—perhaps for another.

"But I am not at liberty to control him thus; when parents do not pull together in the harness, the reins of government will slacken; when I would restrain and correct him, his father interferes: children are quick-witted, and my boy sees his advantage. What can I do, unsustained and single-handed?" True—true—God help the child, then. Better for him had he never been born—better for you both; for so surely as the beard grows upon that little chin, so surely shall he bring your grey hairs with sorrow to the grave; and so surely shall he curse you for your very indulgence, before he is placed in the dishonored one that your parental hands are digging for him.

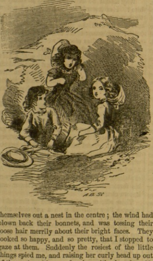
These things need not be—ought not to be. Oh! if parents had but a firm hand to govern, and yet a ready ear for childish sympathy; if they would agree—whatever they might say in private—never to differ in presence of their children, as to their government; if the dissension-breeding "Joseph's coat" were banished from every hearth-stone; if there were less weak indulgence and less asceticism; if the bow were neither entirely relaxed, nor strained so tightly that it broke; if there were less out-door dissipation, and more home-pleasures; if parents would not forget that they were once children, nor, on the other hand, forget that their children will be one day parents; if there were less form of Godliness, and more Godliness, (for children are Argus-eyed; it is not what you preach, but what you practice,) we should then have no beardless skeptics, no dissolute sons, no run-away marriages, no icy barriers between those rocked in the same cradle—nursed at the same breast.

Fanny Fern.

◆

A PICTURE.

All the pretty pictures are not in the print-shops, daguerrean galleries, and artists' studios; though it is a great pleasure to stroll through them. Walk with your eyes open, and you will often be repaid, as I was the other day. A huge pile of sand had been thrown up in a quiet out-of-the-way street. Three little girls had scooped themselves out a nest in the centre; the wind had blown back their bonnets, and was tossing their loose hair merrily about their bright faces. They looked so happy, and so pretty, that I stopped to gaze at them. Suddenly the rosiest of the little things spied me, and raising her curly head up out of the nest—with eyes dancing with glee, she said,—"Lady, don't you wish *you* could play here?"



Ah, well the little rogue saw, with the penetrating eye of childhood, that I was longing for the care-free days of sand-houses and sun-bonnets; and yet, little revellers, life is earnest, and so I would not, if I could, forget the lessons that care and sorrow have taught me—nor would I shake the dew from you, little morning-glories. Sparkle on.

Fanny Fern.

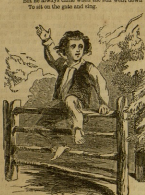
◆

Adversity Strengthens the Noble Mind.—The lessons of adversity are often the most benignant when they seem the most severe. The depression of vanity sometimes ennobles the feelings. The mind that does not wholly sink under misfortune, rises above it more lofty than before, and is strengthened by affliction.

THE LITTLE BLACKSMITH.

BY ALICE CARY.

We heard his hammer all day long
On the anvil ring and ring,
But he always came when the sun went down
To sit on the gate and sing.



His little hands so hard and brown
Crossed idly on his knee,
And straw-hat lopping over cheeks
As red as they could be;

His blue and faded jacket trimmed
With signs of work—his feet
All bare and fair upon the grass,
He made a picture sweet.

For still his shoes, with iron shod,
On the smithy wall he hung;
As forth he came when the sun went down,
And sat on the gate and sung.

The whistling rustic tending cows,
Would keep in pastures near,
And half the busy villagers
Lean from their doors to hear.

And from the time the blue bird came
And made the hedges bright,
Until the stubble yellow grew,
He never missed a night.

The hammer's stroke on the anvil filled
His heart with a happy ring,
And that was why, when the sun went down,
He came to the gate to sing.

◆

A COMMON OUTRAGE UPON WOMAN.

It is quite a common practice among men, when gathered in social companionship, to speak lightly of women who are so unfortunate as to be acquainted with them, and also to attack the characters of ladies to whom they are utter strangers. On such occasions, a man who considers himself altogether respectable, and who is even thought by his acquaintances to be a decent human being, will voluntarily do what he can to blast the characters of numberless innocent women, and his companions will not only listen to him with delight, but also lend him vigorous, unscrupulous, and relentless aid. And this is often done by way of "sport," or for the purpose of gratifying private vanity and malice. Whoever thus robs a woman of her reputation, despoils a defenceless creature of all that renders life valuable, turns her charms and excellencies into loathsomeness, and leaves her friendless, abandoned and undone. There are many women with dispositions so sensitive that the least calumny gives them pains they are not able to bear. They give themselves up to strange fears, gloomy reflections, and deep melancholy. How savage must he be, who can sacrifice the quiet of such a mind to a transient burst of scandal or mirth! Let him who wantonly sports away the peace of a poor lady consider what discord he sows in families; how often he wrings the heart of a hoary parent; how often he rouses the fury of a jealous husband; how he extorts from the abused woman curses, perhaps not unheard, and poured out in the bitterness of her soul! And what weapons has she wherewith to repel such an outrage! How shall she oppose her feminine helplessness to the hardened forehead of a coward who has trampled upon weakness that could not resist him! to a buffoon, who has slandered innocence to raise the laughter of fools! who has "scattered fire-brands, arrows, and deaths, and said am I not in sport!"

◆

EMERSON BENNETT'S NEW WORK.

The Artist's Bride; or, *The Pawnbroker's Heir.*—Thousands who have been "fascinated" by the productions of Emerson Bennett's facile, powerful and entertaining pen, will gladly avail themselves of the privilege of reading "The Artist's Bride; or, the Pawnbroker's Heir," which was written previous to his engagement with us, and which is now just issued in book form. It is one of the most absorbing, exciting and delightful stories that ever emanated from the brain of the practised romancist. It is founded upon curious events, which transpired in one of our largest cities, and portrays scenes that were never surpassed for fidelity to nature and touching interest. We pity that reader who can unravel its thread without confessing to delight of the most perfect character. We think Mr. Bennett must have had a stronger motive than usually actuates the romancist when he wrote this book. The characters are so vividly depictured, the scenes are so magnificently framed and wrought up, the incident is so absorbing and so well demonstrated, and the plot is so skilfully conceived and carried out, that we must believe his incentive was extraordinary. Be this as it may, he has given us a work that will convey exquisite pleasure and much genuine morality to whatever place it may find its way. We wish it a circulation as huge as the greatest demand can give it. The publishers are Garrett, Dick & Co., of No. 18 Ann street, New York, who will send the book to any part of the United States, postage free, on the receipt of the retail price, one dollar—so that our readers in the country can get it if they desire. The book is handsomely bound in cloth, and contains over 400 pages. If there is no bookseller in your vicinity, take our advice and send your dollar to Garrett, Dick & Co., 18 Ann st., New York, and get the best book that Bennett ever wrote.

◆

LANGUAGE TINKERS.

Among the quasi reformers of our day who cannot let well-enough, nor what is better than their mending, alone, are the language tinkers, who, in abbreviating the tongues of the world, would whittle them down to nothing, and give us instead of language only a confused jargon. Between the abbreviators and the new-word-coiners, the earth is seriously threatened with a new Babel. Fortunate is it, that the races are conservative on this point. They cannot be made to take on new tongues like new coats or shoes. Languages are sturdy resisters of innovation, and where they well answer the purposes of common sense, critical progressists find it hard to work a revolution.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A short time since a French razor grinder in the Plaza del Vapor, a public square just outside the walls of Havana, employed a negro to turn his wheel for him, while he sharpened a lot of razors. The negro not performing his duty satisfactorily, the Frenchman struck him. Thereupon a fight ensued, and the negro seizing a long knife that was at hand plunged it into the Frenchman's body and inflicted a terrible wound. The latter fell with a terrific shriek to the earth, and the frenzied negro throwing himself upon the body cut it almost in pieces. It was only with much difficulty that he was removed by the armed police from the corpse of his victim and locked up in prison.

A sea-captain named Hugh Orr, has recently been on trial at Exeter, England, for the murder of Edward Devoe, a native of Boston, who had shipped as cook on board Orr's vessel. It was proved on the trial by the ship's crew that the captain had frequently beaten Devoe until his back was a raw and clotted mass, and then *scrubbed it down with a brush and salt and water*. When the poor fellow died, his body was cut and scarred all over. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty of manslaughter, and Captain Orr was sentenced to transportation for life.

Many years ago a saw-mill owner was murdered at Barber's Run, in Jefferson County, Ohio. Latterly the sound as of a man sharpening a saw has been heard at a point on the Run, night after night. When any one approaches to investigate the phenomenon the sounds cease, but commence again on the intruder's retiring. The inhabitants of that vicinity are in a state of great excitement, and expect some "awful revelations" to grow out of the affair.

A few weeks ago a little boy (son of John S. Effinger) who was playing in front of his father's house, near Harrisburg, Va., was run over by a stage (that daily passed the door) and killed. A few days after, the bereaved mother, who was greatly shocked at her little son's death, on hearing the rattle of the approaching stage, became painfully excited, exclaimed that she was dying and instantly expired.

It is stated in a daily paper that no amount of learning, piety, integrity, wealth and decency will give a man as much influence in the municipal politics of this city as any keeper of a despicable house of ill-repute, or "boozing-ken," exercises. Runners and ruffians are the men of influence in the dirty purlieus of politics, and honesty and decency are taxed to pay their swindlings and extortions.

A short time since a couple of women living as neighbors in Covington, Ky., got into a trifling dispute which finally rose to an angry quarrel. Their husbands, who were friends, in attempting to pacificate their wives, themselves became involved in the quarrel, and finally ended the matter by drawing their knives and stabbing each other, one of them being mortally wounded.

Some time ago a man named Uriah Paulk was killed by a collision of two passenger trains on the South Western Railroad, Taylor County, Georgia. His heirs prosecuted the Company, and recently obtained a verdict of twenty thousand dollars damages against them, in the Georgia Supreme Court.

The garroters are not yet extinct. A few evenings since a couple of gentlemen were set upon by four of these villains, but after a desperate fight the garroters were driven off. One of their number was knocked senseless and had to be carried off by his defeated companions in robbery.

A celebrated Canadian highwayman, who a few years since committed numerous bold robberies and many atrocious murders, and for whose capture the Governor of Canada has offered a reward of $5,000, was recently arrested in Cleveland, Ohio.

The burglars of this city are becoming so bold that they now undertake the robbery of houses by daylight; and when detected, instead of taking to flight, they contend with the police for their booty as though they were the party being plundered instead of the plunderers.

A lady living in Newark, (N. J.,) died a short time since from the effects of the famous "poisoning" which occurred at the National Hotel in Washington, in February last. Are we never to hear the last of this melancholy affair?

The preparations for laying the Sub-Marine Atlantic Telegraph Cable are rapidly approaching completion. When the work shall be perfected we shall receive (owing to the difference of time between the two Continents) information of European affairs some hours before they occur.

The far-famed porcelain tower at Nankin, pictures of which we have all seen in our school geographies, has been destroyed by the Chinese revolutionists, who gained possession of the city last November by treason and massacred all the imperial troops stationed to defend it.

The ladies and all lovers of justice will be glad to learn that at a late term of the Richmond (N. C.) Superior Court, a man was fined $500 and sentenced to ten days imprisonment for abusing and striking his wife.

A child was recently born in a car on the Great Western Railroad, while the train was going forty miles an hour, so it is impossible to tell *where* he was born. He was named "Conductor."

The last news from China brings an account of the wreck of the American ship Highflyer on the south side of Formosa, and the murder of all her crew by the savage tribe who live on that coast.

James Denby, of Oswego, drowned himself not long since, because the bar-keeper of a hotel refused to sell him liquor when he was drunk.

◆

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Narrow Escape.—"Mithter! Mithter! what have you done?" said a little newsboy with protruding eyes and an armful of Ledgers, to a greenhorn, who had just tied his horse to a spruce pole, as he thought, on Broadway. "Done!" said the fellow, "what do you mean? I haint bin doin' nothin' as I knows on!" "Why, yeth you have, thir; you've hitched your hoth to the Magnetic Telegraph, and you'll be in Bothton in leth than two minuteth if you don't look out!" The man untied his horse with nervous anxiety, and jumping into his wagon, drove hastily down the street.

The following was one of the toasts at a late Printers' festival out West:—"*Woman!* Heaven's best gift to man; his Pandora, or casket of jewels; his confectionery shop, or stick of rock-candy; his otto of roses, or sugar-coated pill. Her presence, the best company; her voice, his sweetest music; her smiles, his brightest moments; her kiss, the guardian of his innocence; her arm, the pale of his safety; her lips, his most faithful counsellors; her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares." Girls! d'ye hear that? "His otto of roses!" O, Moses!

"This is George the Fourth," said an exhibitor of wax-work for the million, at a cent each, pointing to a very slim figure, with a theatrical crown on his head. "I thought he was a very stout man," observed a spectator. "Very likely," replied the man shortly, not approving of the comment of his visitor; "but if you'd a been here without victuals half so long as he has, you'd been twice as thin."

"Mother," said a little boy the other day, "I've got such a head-ache and sore throat too." "Have you, my dear?" asked the mother; "well, you shall have some *medicine*." "It's no matter," retorted the shrewd urchin, "I've got 'em—*but they don't hurt me*."

Mention a young lady whose name describes the warmth of her heart—Miss Jenny Ross (generous); and one whose name is characteristic of her carelessness—Miss Annie Howe (any-how.)

The Montrose (Scotland) Review says the following is a true copy of a letter received by a schoolmaster in that neighborhood—"Cur, as you are a man of nologs, I intend to inter my son in your skull."

"There is one sort of *tea*," said a member of Congress to his colleague, "that ought to be heavily taxed." "What is that?" inquired his friend. "The absen-*tee*," responded the inexorable tariff-ite.

In one regiment of Indiana volunteers, raised for the war with Mexico, there were two hundred lawyers! Famous fellows these in an action of battery!

A Kiss.—Humboldt gives some amusing words heard in the conversation of the native Mexicans. A kiss is called *tetenamequilizlli*. It feels just the way it is spelt.

Why is a drunkard hesitating to sign the pledge like a sceptical Hindoo? Because he is in doubt whether to give up the worship of the *jug-or-not*.

"Let me see you dare to do it," as the woman said to her husband when he told her he was going to throw himself into the river.

Fast and Loose.—A person who had become rather dissipated, was accused of having a *loose* character: "I wish it *were loose*," said he, "I'd soon shake it off."

Why is a man living in the town of Truro like a person who was born in the city of Rome? Because he is a Truro man (*True Roman*.)

Why are two boys tormenting a dog like butter? Because there are two t's in it—(*two teazing it*.)

LOVE.

"Loving favor, rather than silver and gold."
King Solomon.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Take back your gold, and give me love—
The earnest smile,
The heart-voice that can conquer pain
And care beguile.

Take back your silver, whence it came—
It leads to strife;
A woman's nature feeds on love—
Love is its life.

Take back your silver, and your gold—
Their gain is loss;
But bring me love—for love is heaven—
And they are dross.

* * *

THE WIFE'S CONQUEST.

A TALE OF MYSTERY AND RETRIBUTION.

BY WILLIAM HENRY ERSKINE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

If a daughter of poverty, clad in the coarse attire of penury, and pale with the wan cheek of suffering, with feet bare, and hunger gnawing at the heart, had passed by and gazed upon this opulent child of fortune and rank, they would have marvelled to see tears glittering between her fingers with diamonds! For the poor think that to be rich is to be happy. *Their* only woe being the need of money to buy bread—*their* only woe being want of shelter, food, and raiment. They cannot (these simple poor folk) understand why those who have all these in luxury can be unhappy. But, child of poverty, tears and sighs, and heavy hearts and anxious cares, are not confined to roofless huts and starveling tables, bare feet and ragged raiment! The spider weaves his web in the palaces of kings, and the poison of the spider of care heats the blood of the great.

The lowliest daughter of humble poverty, who had a father's healthy love, and who was permitted to give her heart to her lowly suitor, is happier than the rich and beautiful Isabel Shenstone, who has no wish ungratified, no desire unfulfilled! But where the heart is in chains—where the deep womanly affections are barred, and the heart cannot soar freely whither it will, to seek its mate on the wings of love—then all else is bitterness and mockery. What to Isabel were the lofty, mirrored parlors, the gorgeous drapery, the noble pictures, the superb carpets, the costly furniture, the jewels in her caskets, the rich apparel in her wardrobes, the blooded horses at her command, the pannelled phaetons, the train of servants, and all the gorgeous display with which her father's combined jealousy and mad devotion had surrounded her; when she felt that these were only the golden and jewelled bars to keep her content in her cage!—that they were but the meshes of a net cast over her by her father to bind her to himself, that he might be the only object of her affections! "Happier, far happier," she said to herself, in a low, murmuring voice, as she sat there by the sea, "should I be in the humble cottage of the island, as the bride of the noble Vivien, whom I only love, than I am with all this splendor. But gratitude to my father must make me a willing prisoner for life to his caprice. I will make the sacrifice to him! But—my poor heart must not be eager—perhaps Vivien has forgotten me, or he may—may—love —a——"

A footstep arrested her words. She was conscious of having spoken aloud, and startled she removed her clasped hands from her tearful face, and beheld, with surprise and shame at being caught in tears, a young man of noble air and presence within a few feet of her! He wore a broad-brimmed shade hat of coarse straw, and a sort of blouse; in one hand he held an oar, which was yet dripping. He only the moment before stepped from a boat, and, ascending the path, had discovered her as the sound of his footsteps warned her of his presence.

She rose quickly from the mossy rock on which she had been seated, and gazed upon the intruder with a startled air and flushed look. She had half turned to retire from the stranger, when he smiled and extended his hand, saying,

"Miss Shenstone—am I yet remembered?"

"Vivien?"

"Vivien Falconer. I am delighted not to be forgotten."

"Forgotten!" she repeated, in a tone between reproof and joy, and clasped his hand. "How you have altered! Yet I should have known you."

"And I should have recognized you also, even if I had not seen you in this place where I expected to find you."

"Expected to find me *here?*" she exclaimed, blushing.

"Not exactly *here*," he answered, gently releasing the hand she had given him, "but I heard you were to be home to-day. I have watched the carriage road all day, and at length a cloud of dust beyond the green hill announced your approach. Indeed, I saw you and your father alight at the portico. I gave you three hours, you see, to look about you, and then jumped into a boat to come over and pay my respects to you and your father. But, Miss Shenstone, it is an agreeable surprise," added the intellectual-looking young man, gazing upon her with ardent yet bashful admiration, "to meet with you here on this spot. This place is endeared to me by one of the brightest memories of my life."

"Need I assure you that it is to me also? But, Vivien—I mean Mr. Falconer——"

"No, no,—Vivien, Miss Shenstone, if you will not freeze me."

"On condition you drop the equally freezing Miss Shenstone."

"Most cheerfully and willingly. But——"

"But?"

"But you are a wealthy heiress—I am only the son of a poor fisherman. I presume too far! I ought not to forget that——"

"Do not be unnatural, Vivien! I quite despise the distinction to which you allude. We were friends as children—shall we be so now?"

"Now and always!" he answered, with a bound of his heart as he took her proffered hand.

"Then be it always. How handsome and noble-looking you have grown."

"And what shall I say of you!"

"Nothing," she answered, with a smile.

They stood, hand held by hand, for a few moments, silent and happy.

"How is your father, Isabel?"

"As usual. Hear me, one word, noble Vivien: Do not speak my name in his presence, at least for a time. *Perhaps* I may give you permission to do so by and by, but not now. I may appear guilty of duplicity, but—please do not allude to this interview in his presence. Not that—but—my father is—that is, he is not well. He——"

Here she stopped full, after hesitating, and looked him full in the face. She saw by his looks that she was understood.

"I will at least now go and pay my respects to Col. Shenstone," he said, "for I am too sensible of his goodness to me for twelve years past. I owe all that makes me what I am to him."

"Go and thank him, Vivien. And for my sake, if we are to be old friends again, bear with my father. Heed not his words, even if they seek to offend you."

"*Your* father, dear Isabel, can never offend me."

The maiden blushed at the endearing epithet, and said:

"I will remain here. Go *alone* to the house, and after your interview do not return this way. But let me see you often, Vivien. I have a thousand questions to ask you about yourself and your past."

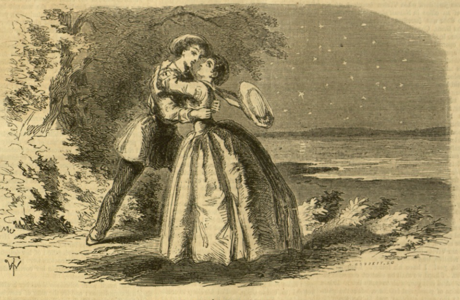
"To-morrow evening, at this hour, here?"

"Yes."

"Farewell till then!"

Vivien proceeded towards the villa, and Isabel loitered along the shore in deep meditation, until, at length, she saw him return from the house with a quick and haughty tread, and draw near his boat to re-embark for the island. She hastened to intercept him, to learn what had transpired to disturb him; but he had already sprung into his boat, and was pulling towards the island. She watched his receding form until it was obscured within the twilight shadows of the cove, and then slowly returned homeward.

"To-morrow evening I shall at least learn from him what has occurred at his interview with my father," she said as, ascending the portico, she took a farewell look of the humble abode of her island lover.



THE LOVERS' PARTING INTERVIEW.

CHAPTER VI.

When Vivien entered the humble abode of his foster-parents, the maternal watching eyes of Mary Falconer detected the pale cheek and troubled expression upon his fine face. Vivien without a word sat down by the door. Ambrose and Mary were eating their frugal supper, and interchanged glances of solicitude. He was dearer to them than an own child. They were proud of him for his manly grace, his courage, his scholarship; and because, with all his learning and honors, he loved them as frankly and gratefully as he did when he was a boy, showing no feeling of superiority to them or their humble condition, which in his boyhood he had shared with them. The lowly cabin of Ambrose was dear to him as the safe shelter of his childhood.

They knew that he had taken the boat to go over and see Isabel upon her arrival from Europe, and they were well aware of the secret of his love for her; for he ever made them his confidants. When they paid to him their annual visit, when he was at school and afterwards when he was in college, his first inquiry was after Isabel's health, and his last message was to her. And Mary Falconer had evidence enough from Isabel's betrayal of her feelings when she gave her those messages that she loved as truly as he loved.

"But you must not take it too much to heart, my son, Vivien," said Ambrose to him, as he got into the boat to cross over to Oak-head, "if she looks coldly on you. It is not always the fancies of childhood that are constant when people grow up. Besides, she is rich and thou art not!"

When, therefore, he returned sorrowful and silent, Ambrose regarded him with sympathy; for he understood, as they believed, the whole cause.

"The wind blows ahead, I see, and tide against you too, my boy," he said, kindly. "But cheer up; where one can't sail before it, they can beat against it. You are too good a sailor to mind head-winds and head-currents!"

Vivien slightly smiled, but shook his head.

"Well, she is an heiress, and you can't expect she will think of us."

"I am *sure* it is *not* Isabel," answered Mary Falconer, who was seated by Vivien, and holding one of his hands while the other rested affectionately on his shoulder. "I know her sweet young heart is all Vivien's. She it is not who has cast this indignant cloud over our noble son's face."

"No, dear mother, it is not Isabel. She is still my friend—the same good, kind, true-hearted maiden she ever was. She met me as frankly as she did when we were children. But——"

"Mr. Shenstone!" said Ambrose, with emphasis, and looking displeased.

"What could be expected, my dear friends?" said Vivien, with calmness. "I will relate to you my interview. Upon reaching the house, the liveried servant took my name to his master, and I waited full five minutes before I was invited to enter. I was ushered into a gorgeous library where Mr. Shenstone was reclining upon an ottoman. He gazed on me steadily for a few seconds, and then, half rising to his elbow, moved his hand slightly towards a chair. I was chilled by this icy coldness. My heart, as I entered, was overflowing with gratitude for the priceless boon of education which his munificence had bestowed upon me, a nameless orphan, and I had felt as if I could not express it too warmly. But this freezing indifference—thus withholding his hand after twelve years' absence from his presence—deeply pained me; for there can be no suffering greater, it seems to me, than to have gratitude treated with coldness, and deliberately and haughtily repelled.

"I did not sit down, but standing, said in an embarrassed and painful manner, 'Mr. Shenstone, I could not suffer a day to elapse, after your happy return, before hastening to thank you with all the gratitude I am capable of, for——'

"'Sir! stop. Not a word. I wish to hear nothing more!' he said, abruptly, and with a proud impatient gesture. 'You owe me nothing. I owe you nothing. You saved my child's life! I have given you, a fisherman's son, the education of a gentleman! So we balance one another's accounts. Henceforth I wish to see you no more in my house. We are strangers. Philip, show this gentleman the way out?'

"I could not bear this tone and language. So I replied, perhaps haughtily,—

"'Mr. Shenstone, I did not save your child's life for reward. I was a mere boy then, and did not, as I do now, perceive that you were educating me to rid yourself of your burthen of obligation, so far as you could do, to one beneath you. Nevertheless, I thank you for my education; and I shall not rest until, sir, I have repaid you to the last shilling all you have paid for me! Your conduct towards me is so extraordinary that death would be preferable to life purchased with this debt existing against me!'

"'Sir, your education has made you forget your low birth,' he cried, flushed with anger. 'Go from my house! I detest you, sir! Let not my daughter see you, nor speak to her! Philip, where is Isabel?'

"'I will see, sir, if she is in the drawing-room,' he answered, going out hurriedly.

"'But do not call her. This fisherman will have the impertinence to speak to her as an equal if she cross his path. Sir, *there* is the door!'

"The proud man rose from the sofa, and sternly pointed to the open door.

"I made no reply. I could not speak. My full heart filled my throat; and it was well, perhaps, I could not give utterance to my outraged feelings; for I had promised Isabel that her father should *not* offend me. But I very nearly forgot my promise."

"You did wisely, son," said Ambrose. "It is always safer to answer wrath with silence. Words stir up anger, and are as wood cast upon the flame. Did you leave him thus?"

"Yes; but I know not whether I felt most wretched to see this barrier to Isabel's friendship, or indignant to be thus ordered out from his presence. But her words 'Let not my father anger you,' rung in my ears; and I answered him not back again. So I left him, driven from his door like a hound, and am here. Oh, poverty—oh, lowliness of birth! What curse is his who calls the one mother, the other father! Nay, my dear parents! Look not so amazed and hurt. I meant not you. I did but speak generally of poverty."

"Never mind Mr. Shenstone, Vivien," said Mary, soothingly. "It will come all right by and bye. Isabel loves you and——"

"Are you sure of it, mother?" he asked, with animation.

"Yes. Woman's eyes can read woman's heart. Isabel can never love any one else."

"I hoped—at least I was foolish enough to believe so! But when I beheld her in all the glory of her aristocratic beauty; when I gazed on the lordly halls, and walked through apartments of princely magnificence; when I compare this splendor with our poverty and my dependence, I feel rebuked that I should dare aspire to her regard. Yet when she met me so frankly, spoke to me so gently, and assured me of her friendship, why ought I to feel thus miserable?"

"It is not so much our poverty that makes Mr. Shenstone so coldly treat you," said Ambrose, after a few moments' reflection; "it is the old feeling! He is afraid of you! He sees how noble and handsome you have grown, and he recollects how much you and Isabel thought of each other as children——"

"And to separate them he sent Vivien to college," interrupted Mary Falconer, with emphasis.

Ambrose nodded affirmatively, and then resumed—"and so he would now prevent renewal of your child-friendship. It was *you* not your poverty, Vivien! He would look upon the wealthiest suitor for his daughter's hand as his enemy! He is so selfish, he would keep all his daughter's love, and share it with no man."

"Nor woman either; for many is the governess he turned away when Isabel began to love her. Nay, rumor says he has refused her servants to speak to her, only when necessary; and he has surrounded her with the ugliest and most morose." This said Mary in an indignant tone.

"Can this be true?" asked Vivien, with amazement, the true character of Mr. Shenstone now flashing upon him.

"It is known to all the country round," said Mary, impressively.

Vivien rose and paced the hut with deep reflection. He recalled all the past and compared it with the developments of the present. At length he said, turning to Mary, and smiling cheerfully,—

"I can then yet hope! If Isabel be true to me, time may become my friend also."

"Do not fear the noble Isabel, Vivien," said Mary Falconer. "I know she will love you till death."

"Then I am happy. I will forget my interview with her father, and think only of my interview with her to-morrow evening."

"Then you are to see her again?" asked Ambrose, joyfully.

"She kindly promised to meet me to-morrow evening to talk over the past."

"Yes, I dare say she wishes to know all about you the last twelve years," said Mary.

"Yet I fear to do wrong in meeting her against Mr. Shenstone's wishes."

"Not a bit of it, young man," said the sturdy Ambrose. "The father must not be humored, if the daughter be kindly to you. He is deranged. She is his slave—his bond slave! You will do her a kindness to see her; for no one else can—poor lonely girl! I doubt not you are the only friend she has, or has ever had; for she has been mured up like a nun."

"Yes, it will be a mercy to go and see her, Vivien," said Mary, firmly. "Right is right, and wrong is wrong; but there is no wrong here. A father has no right to be a goaler to his fair daughter, to keep her from marrying, because he would have all her affections to himself."

The conversation now ceased, and Ambrose placed a little Bible on the table, and evening prayers were offered up with that air and language of dependence that becomes intelligent creatures recognizing the protecting arm of a sovereign God. Vivien kneeled reverently upon the rough board floor, by the side of his foster-mother, and united his petitions with those of the humble fisherman. Night soon folded its sable curtain over the sleepers. The intellectual, handsome, aristocratic-looking Vivien slept as deeply as he would have done in a royal bed beneath a diadem'd canopy. His education had not made him proud, or to feel above his lowly friends.

It was sunset when, on the following evening, Vivien launched his little boat from the cove to keep his tryst with the heiress of Oak-head. Venus, like a lamp of liquid gold, hung tremblingly in the West, and here and there the brightest stars twinkled in the upper sky; yet the quarter of the heavens where the sun went down glowed with an alembic of gorgeous colors—a brilliant fusion of green, gold and crimson. The water was a faithful reflector of the glory of the skies, and gave back a two-fold scene of skyey splendor. His boat seemed not to float so much on the water as in the glories of mid air, with gold and crimson clouds above, and gold and crimson clouds beneath. He gave himself up to the delightful illusion. He dropped his oar and reclined in his boat, gazing down on the resplendent skies, looking like an inverted heaven far down beneath his keel, and then looking upward to those overhead, until he seemed to be suspended in eternity of space. The imaginative and poetic in his mind kindled, and he was only drawn to the realities by the gray twilight that rapidly extinguished all the glory of the scene and surrounded him with the sober twilight. He now resumed his oars, his soul filled with joy at the majesty and splendor of Nature, and from the works of creation it went upward to the Creator in adoring praise and wonder.

It was already star-light when his boat touched the pebbly strand on the Oak-head land. He secured it to a jutting rock, and lightly ascended the pathway that led to the Three Oaks. Their massive branches, heavy with foliage, cast an impenetrable shadow beneath. He could not discern even the path that was before him; but still advancing towards the rustic seat where he expected to find Isabel, he saw some one moving there. In a moment, he was at the spot, but only to start back at the sight of a man, who, springing forward, caught him by the breast, and levelled a pistol at his temples, crying,—

"Assassin! Villain and robber! Is it for this I took you out of the mire and clay, and made you a gentleman? To come by stealth and rob me of my daughter! Your complicity with her was overheard and reported to me! I am here to meet you in her place. Now, sir," and here he cocked the pistol, "swear by your love of life never to come near this place, or speak to my child, or I will blow out your brains!"

"I can take no such oath, sir," answered Vivien, perfectly self-possessed. "Nor shall I permit you to kill me."

And with the strength of a young man contending with an old man, he caught the hand that held the weapon of death, and turned it aside from his head. It was nevertheless discharged by Mr. Shenstone in the hope of his destruction; but the ball passed harmlessly past him.

"Go, sir! For your daughter's sake—nay, for all I owe to you—your person is sacred to me!"

"Caitiff! Vile son of a peasant!" mouthed the infuriated father; "you have over-mastered me this time; but I will find opportunity to punish your audacity. You have poisoned my child's mind or she would not confess as she has done, that she loves you! She, my own child, flesh of my flesh, to confess that she loves you, a low-born hind! But she shall not go unpunished who could forget a father for a stranger; and as for you, sir, I have sworn your life shall pay the forfeit of another interview with her."

Thus speaking Mr. Shenstone cast the discharged pistol which he still held in his hand into the sea, and walked away in the direction of his house.

Vivien stood amazed. All that his foster parents had said was now fully verified. Mr. Shenstone was indeed jealous of his daughter's love, and esteemed even a lover a foe to himself. The young man, who was the impersonation of all that is honorable and frank, felt keenly the reception Mr. Shenstone had given him. He loved Isabel, and he was sure he was beloved by her. Love can always know when it is loved back again. *True* love doubts never on either side. The moon answers not truer to moon in the reflection of the placid lake, than heart answers to heart! Love ever has its echo, saying the same words! There can, truly, be no true love which doubts. *True* love is made up of love answered and reciprocated! If there be doubt on one side, the doubt is *prophetic!* for there is no answering love on the other side. Vivien's love for Isabel had no doubt in it, not one drachm. It was the confidence of love requited. He saw (like the sun) his own image sent back to him from her placid bosom.

"What shall I do? As a man of honor shall I go away and see her and seek her no more? Ought I to (perhaps) sacrifice her happiness, if she loves me, to this strange madness of her father? Verily, he *would* have taken my life, if I had not been quicker than his hand! He is mad. I know not what to ——"

He was interrupted in his soliloquy by a step at his side. Through the obscurity he detected close to him a female figure draped in white. He cried, "Isabel?"

"Yes, Vivien! I have come to say that I have heard all—know all! Oh, my father is mad, I fear, or he would not have attempted your life! I know not how he knew you would be here! God forgive me, if I say wrongfully that he has surrounded me with spies! But only one such could have made known to him our appointment. His conduct this evening has alarmed me. I saw him take his pistol and place it in his bosom and go out. I followed him as soon as I dared to! Thank Heaven, you are safe. I was close by the tree when he fired, and the ball flew fiercely and sharp by my ear. My poor father! I love him, Vivien, but I also have another heart for ——"

"For Vivien? Dare I hope?"

"Be sure! Believe! I can love only you, Vivien! I am so happy to see you so noble, and to feel that you are worthy of my love! I have placed my ambition high, and you fulfil all I have conceived and hoped for! From this hour let us be faithful and true each to the other!"

She extended her hand. He clasped it in both his own and pressed her to his heart. A stealthy footstep was heard.

The next moment they were separated and moving in opposite directions, but not until Isabel had said warmly—

"Trust me ever, Vivien, no matter how dark the clouds seem!" and he had responded—

"Trust *me* ever, dearest Isabel. Your love shall be the rainbow that spans the cloud. In it I will hope ever!"

"Hope ever! Time may be more propitious!"

"Ever will I hope, Isabel, till time be propitious!"

"Farewell, Vivien!"

"Farewell, but not ——"

"*Not* ——"

"Not—*forever!*"

And so it was they parted with one long sweet embrace.

Ah, what power shall destroy such love! What destiny can overturn it! Love such as this is eternal—it survives not only earthly foes, but lives beyond the tomb, growing with eternity.

Isabel, happy, yet sad, hastened to her room. Her father came in shortly after. She heard him first come to her door and try the lock, and then pace up and down his library with irregular and troubled steps. He had come to her door to see if she were still locked up; for he had secured her, secretly taking the key, in order to prevent her interview with Vivien. But love has devices to countermine every strategy. Isabel's room had windows opening upon a piazza. These were forgotten. She no sooner saw her father leave the house than she passed out of one of these long Venetian windows, and walking round the piazza entered by a window another room, and so descending to the hall, gained the lawn and followed him swiftly, fearing some rencontre that her presence might prevent.

At length she sought her pillow. Her last consciousness before falling asleep was the hearing the continuous footfall of her father still walking to and fro, with a mind ill at ease.

Who can analyze the feelings of the disturbed and dark soul! This character is no fiction. It is drawn from nature and real existence; and oftener the actual developments of the human mind are stranger than the inventions of fiction! What, we ask, must be the state of that father's mind whose morbid love for his beautiful child would shut out all other elements of love!—who would be the sole god of her bended knee and adoring lips!—who would deify himself as her idol and exact her worship!—who would elevate the shrine of self-love between her and the deepest fountain of woman's affection!—who would chain her beauty, and love, and intellect, to the car of the Juggernaut of his paternal vanity, and crush beneath its wheels all other devotees.

Yet such was Mr. Shenstone! From the earliest dawn of Isabel's childish beauty, when but as a rose-germ, she budded in his house, he idolized her. He gazed on her by the hour with prideful pleasure; her smile, her step, her air, her voice, her eye-brows, her rosy nails, her pretty ears, her glorious eyes, were one and all objects of his adoration. He lavished upon her caresses and gifts and enjoyments, and seemed as it were not only to worship her as some divinity, but to desire to purchase her undivided love and regards. So through her childhood was he jealous of every pet word, or loving look, or gentle word she gave to her singing birds, her fawn, her rabbit. Whatsoever of the brute or bird creation she began to love suddenly disappeared! It died by poison! Her governesses if they won her affection were dismissed, fortunately without poison. Mr. Shenstone had enough of that on his hands already ——, but we are revealing what must not yet be even guessed.

As she grew up, this passionate self-love, which would have all his child's love, increased with her beauty and attractions. But we have in former chapters sketched the history of this tyranny of paternal love. We have seen it illustrated in removing Vivien from the scene after he had saved his child's life, under the plea of rewarding him with an education—an honorable exile! We have seen, too, his efforts to guard her for years from every eye, and his return home with her in the beauty and glory of her nineteenth summer; and his reception of poor Vivien when he sought to pour out at his feet his deep gratitude.

The following morning when Vivien rose and would have turned his gaze towards Oak-head, a thick fog covered the Sound and concealed every object. He could see nothing but the house of Ambrose. As Mary expressed it—"It looked as if there was no world!"

It had been decided the night before, when the three talked over the last scene at Oak-head, that Vivien should go up to the city the next day in the "Sea Bird," with Ambrose, and there enter upon the study of law; for to this profession was his inclination directed. The fog prevented their leaving till the third morning. Vivien then took a tearful farewell of his foster-mother and promised to come and see her at least every three months, as it was but twenty miles by water. She also told him to remember he had a home there. As the vessel sailed out of the cove with our hero, now cast upon the world to carve out his own fortune, he cast his eye over towards Oak-head. It seemed to look sad and blank to his eyes, though the bright sun shone upon its woods, lawns, and stately villa. The sight made him feel as if some calamity overshadowed it. At this moment he saw a small skiff rowing from the land so as to intercept the "Sea Bird."

"It is that gallows-bird, Mark Skelton," said old gray-bearded Diggon, growling. "No good news ever follers in his wake. He's now twenty-two year ol' if he's a day, and he never yet earned a month's wages out and out; but goes pilfering about along-shore, seekin', like the horned Satan, whom he may devour."

Mark Skelton, a rattle-headed, ragamuffin-looking young man, pulled his skiff alongside and said to Vivien—

"Ere's a bit paper for you! She giv be a bighty big bees o' boney to bake be probise to put it in your hands."

This genius who so singularly turned his "m's" into b's in speaking, then tossed a letter on board, and nodding to old Diggon impudently, paddled away, followed by the old man's anathemas and a billet of wood.

Vivien tore open the note and read with surprise and indignation.

"Dear Vivien—We leave hence in ten minutes! I know not whither! My father is infuriated, and gave orders three hours ago to depart as soon as everything could be made ready. I will try to send you word where I am carried into "exile," but I shall forbid you to come to see me without my orders. Hope and trust, dear Vivien!

"I am yours, faithfully, Isabel."

CHAPTER VII.

When Vivien had finished reading the note which Mark Skelton tossed him on board the vessel, he turned to Ambrose and said with quickness and emotion,—

"Let me land at the Oak-head, dear father; I wish to verify the news with my own eyes? Read *that!*"

"This is strange conduct on Mr. Shenstone's part, Vivien! This is done to escape from you," he said warmly. "Let us run in shore and see, we can, perhaps, learn which road they have taken."

The course of the smack was changed, and in a few minutes Vivien was ascending the cliff-side, and on his way through the grove of oaks, where he had last parted from Isabel, towards the villa. He found only an old house-keeper and gardener left. The house was shut up, and all the servants were gone, as well as their master. From the two old folks who remained, Vivien learned that they had left early, in a private carriage, with trunks, and had taken the road towards Hudson river, which was about fifteen miles distant, west of Oak-head. This was all, save that the old Scotch gardener added, as Vivien placed in his hand a piece of money,—

"The young leddy greet like a wee lassie when the ould geentlemon taks her awa'. She were na weelin' to goo."

Vivien's blood warmed with indignation against her father. He immediately formed, or rather half-formed a spirited purpose to rescue the fair girl from this parental tyranny. But whither should he go to seek for her? He had no horse for pursuit, nor knew he in what road to pursue; for there were three roads terminating at the river, and the carriage had been some time gone.

"You had best wait with patience, Vivien," said Ambrose. "In good time you will hear from her. At least she is in no danger!"

"I trust not; but one cannot say how far a father's tyranny may go!" he answered, as he culled a rose-bud on his way from the villa to the little vessel. The rose-bud he placed in his vest as a memorial that it had bloomed in the air which had so recently been breathed by Isabel. Love communicates itself to all things, and associates itself with all things. The stars, a slipper, a rose, a book, a pebble, love makes equally vehicles for its passion, and confers a value upon each. The moon which has been reflected in loves eyes, is rivalled in the affection of a true lover, by the pebble she has trod beneath her feet.

Sadly, Vivien re-embarked, and sailed away from that now desolate shore. He sat in the stern of the boat, and let his eyes linger upon the scene which had been rendered a Paradise to him by the abode of the beautiful Eve of his love, and the roof of the villa melted into the haze of distance before he turned away his eyes.

"Cheer up, my Vivien," said Ambrose, with a smile. "You will soon hear from her."

It was evening when the Sea Bird drew near to the city, and took her place with numerous other crafts, alongside one of the wharves of the slip.

"Now, my dear father," said Vivien, taking leave of him, "I must launch upon the world. Tell mother that I will come up and see her once in a month!"

"She will look for you, for you are our only hope!—and I certainly love you Vivien, as if you were my own flesh and blood! For your sake, I hope your own parents may be discovered!"

"I fear not! Yet I could never love them more than I do those who have fostered me!"

"We would be willing to share you between us," answered Ambrose, with his frank smile. "Do you see that brig anchored in the stream," suddenly asked the fisherman, pointing towards a vessel that had a short time before come to anchor. "That brig is moored just where the French ship was twelve years ago, when I rescued you. You were about where that buoy is in the water, when I took you on board."

"I shall never forget it, my good father," answered Vivien, pressing the honest fisherman by the hand. "Now, good-bye."

"And you must go! I hope you will become a great lawyer, Vivien. But there are dark words in men's mouths about the old man who has consented to take you. Men whisper that he has blood on his hands, and once betrayed his country!"

"Yes, but the friend at college who gave me a letter to him, is his relative; and I am thankful for any opportunity of reading law; especially as the writing Colonel Burr desires to have me do in his office will afford me subsistence while——"

"Don't talk of subsistence, Vivien! Has not my wife resolved to send you eight dollars every month, saved from her spinning and weaving; and am I not to pour into your hand all my gains. You need not fear—or——"

"My dear father, you know I am too proud to be dependent, even on those I love. I can accept aid neither from you nor my foster mother! I must fight the battle of life by myself. You have done enough. I ought now to keep you, not you me."

"You shall have all our money at any rate," answered Ambrose with a firm manner.

"And I will buy some handsome dresses for Mary, and a new set of sails for the boat."

"We'll see!" answered the fisherman, with a smile. "God bless him!" he added, as his eyes filled with tears, followed the young man as he disappeared in the crowd of the city.

It was just dark when Vivien knocked at the door of an office in Nassau street. A small sign by the door was inscribed in fading gilt letters, "Aaron Burr, Counsellor."

"Come in!" said a voice, almost inaudible.

He opened the door and found himself in a small apartment, dimly lighted by a brass lamp that stood upon a table covered confusedly with papers and books. At the table was seated a venerable-looking old man, small in size, with a shining bald head and a fringe of silvery hairs only remaining behind the ears, and resting on the collar of a black thread-bare coat. This person was writing, and continued to use his rapid pen for half a dozen lines without raising his eyes. Vivien had, therefore, an opportunity of regarding one of the most remarkable men upon whose name history has left a shadow. The face was calm and pale, but finely intellectual. The shoulders were stooped by a sedentary life, as much as by age. Having completed the sentence he was penning, he raised his eyes and fixed upon Vivien a keen scrutinizing look, from a pair of superb black eyes, that burned with all the splendor and fire of youth. Vivien's gaze dropped beneath their intense brilliancy.

The scrutiny seemed to be gratifying to the elder gentleman, who said with infinite courtesy, as he surveyed the fine figure, noble air, and intellectual countenance of our hero,—

"Be seated, sir! What do you wish?"

"I am Vivien Falconer, Col. Burr, the friend of your relative, who——"

"Yes, yes! I have his letters. I am glad to see you. I hope we shall be content one with the other. And it is your wish to study law? It is a profession of power and influence. It is the pathway to the most elevated seat in the Republic. Talent, ambition, genius, perseverance can win an empire. I am glad to see you. I have heard of your abilities from my kinsman. Let us be friends as well as master and disciple."

"With all my heart, sir," answered Vivien, who felt drawn towards him with a fascination he could not account for.

Our hero had been about five weeks in the office of the counsellor, when one evening, as he was going out to his lodging-house, he was surprised by encountering Mark Skelton.

"Have got a letter from Bis. Falcober, for you," said the young fisherman, with brevity.

"Nothing could be more welcome. Is Ambrose in with the smack?"

"No, I cobe in a boat," answered Mark.

Vivien opened the letter, and a second one fell out. In the first he read—

Dear Vivien:—We are all well. I send you a note from Isabel. The old Scotch gardener brought it over this morning. I do not know who gave it to him, as he had few words——"

Vivien did not wait to finish the note from Mary, but snatching the one up from the ground he saw Isabel's writing, kissed it passionately and tore it open. It read as follws:

Dear Vivien:—Since childhood I have loved you; and now confident of your attachment to me, I confide in you freely and unreservedly. You are my only *friend*. Let there be no reserve between us. I am as confident in your affection as I am in the faithfulness of my own heart which teaches me that you love me.

My poor father! He is become my goaler! He is jealous of every hour I pass not in his presence. He will not permit me to approve even of poets, and men of genius long dead. He flies into as great a passion if I praise Byron or Moore, as if I praised you.

I have done my duty to my father. I have for years humored him, and tried to please him! I have sacrificed my feelings, my sensibility, my tastes, my time, my comforts, and my happiness, to humor him. He has so pressed me, and over'oaded me with his idol-like devotion that I almost (God pardon me,) fear and dread him. He is not mad! In all things else, he is sane and sensible, and acts with discretion. I know not how it will end. Sometimes I tremble for my life. As for my happiness, that is wrecked—at least you are the only star of hope that lights my horizon. I have to watch my motions, guard my looks, weigh my words, lest I give him cause of complaint!

But I fear you will censure me—that I write so freely; and charge me with being unfilial. Driven from his heart, Vivian, I seek shelter in yours. Your confidence and sympathy are all that keep me in any spirits.

But I must tell you where I am, for I wish to write to you and to be cheered by your letters."——

Thus far Vivien had read by the light of a street lamp. He now placed a piece of money in Mark's hand, and sending him away, hastened to his solitary room a few squares further up. Having reached there and locked himself in, he sat down (unobserved) to read the remainder of Isabel's letter:

"When we left Oak-head," it resumed, "we took the middle ridge road towards the North River. Thence we turned to the right, and traveled for thirty miles all day until we came to a wild, mountainous region overhanging the Hudson. We left our carriage at the foot of a steep cliff, and my father said we must walk the rest of the way. I followed him, not knowing whither I went. We ascended, after dark, a rude path for a quarter of a mile, when we came to a little level place where an old stone house stood. At this door my father stopped and knocked. And old woman came to the door, with a light in her hand. She courtesied low to my father and invited us in.

"'This house,' said my father to me, 'is to be our present abode. You will find everything comfortable; but not much luxury *My* health requires the mountain air. You are too dutiful to object.'

"This was said coldly and sternly.

"We have been here three weeks. It is a house with four rooms. One of these opens on the Hudson, and I see vessels far below, sailing up and down; but we are so high that a voice could not reach them; and the woods so closely grow about this dwelling that it cannot, I am persuaded, be seen from the river! Here I am a prisoner. The old woman is in my poor father's confidence, and watches me with the hundred eyes of Argus. She has a son—a muscular and brute-looking fellow, half-idiot, who follows me about as if he were a bull-dog set to guard me. My father tries to make me pleased! He has even a harp and guitar, with books of all sorts; but vainly he tries to gild my cage. I am assured he means to keep me a prisoner—to shut me from all love and companionship but his own! But yesterday we came to a crisis! I had gone out to a little green shore, in front of the house, to gaze on the river. I commenced sketching the opposite view, (which I enclose, as you will know by it where I am kept captive.) While I was drawing this, Caliban, the son of the woman, came up to me and said, in the voice of Orson, the wild man,

"'Don't do it! Go in to 'e hous'.'

"I bade him leave me. He came near me and with the looks of a wild beast, caught me by the arm and dragged me into the dwelling, and locked me in my room. Upon my father's return (he had walked out among the crags), I made known to him this outrage. All he said was to reprove the monster, and caution him not to put hands on me again!"

Here Vivien clenched his hands, and his eyes flashed, and he sprang to his feet with intense emotion. But he calmed himself, after a moment or two, sufficiently to resume the reading of Isabel's letter:

"I then demanded of my father if he regarded me as a prisoner. He answered that I should remain where he saw fit to select a home. He then added that he had purchased this place, with half the mountain-side, and that he intended to remain here, in order, as he said, to wean me from the world and fix my love only upon himself. Therefore has he engaged this ogre-looking woman and her monster-son, that I may fear and dislike them. Now, my dear Vivien, it is impossible that I can consent to humor my father's whims should they go beyond their present limits. Where they will terminate I know not. I write to you freely and confidently. We have but one heart, and one hope, and one joy. If I write to you with the affection of a sister, I also write with emotions deeper than dwell in a sister's heart for a brother.

"Where I am I know not. The scene which I enclose is opposite my mountain-prison. Above me towers a wooded eminence almost to the clouds, and woods, deep and untrodden, environ us. I see only my father, the woman, and her son, Caliban. I feel that I am a prisoner. Wait until you hear from me again, when I shall perhaps be able to tell you how to find me. And why should I ask you to seek me? I know not. I think only of you—of being with you! —of having you near me! How I shall get this letter to you I know not. There is a widow lives by the shore. I found her abode by accident in a ramble when my keepers slept. I have given her gold, and been of service to her. I think she will see that it goes on its way to Ambrose."

The rest of the letter was filled with expressions of attachment. Isabel was a girl of frank impulses. She was ignorant of artifice, or false shame. She knew Vivien loved her, and she loved him with all her heart. So she told him of her love, of her confidence in him, of her hopes.

Vivien was deeply moved by the perusal of this letter. It made him love Isabel more still, and to be less patient with Mr. Shenstone. He carefully examined the sketch she sent. It represented a portion of the Hudson in the foreground, and a romantic shore, bluff and wooded; and beneath the bluff a lower headland, on which stood the ruins of an old fort. Above the fort grew a pine tree and an oak.

"I shall remember this scene forever," he said warmly. "If I ascend the river I shall know it, and opposite I shall find the place of Isabel's imprisonment. Owe all that she may to her father, as his daughter, she is not bound to sacrifice herself to him. She takes a right view of it. I trust he may not lay a finger upon her to do her harm. As for this Caliban I will break his head between two rocks! But I must wait with patience until she writes to me again. If I hear not from her soon I will depart in search of her! Perhaps she will consent to fly with me and be my bride, if I dared to ask her to share my poverty and obscurity!"

He paced his room. He built castles in the air! He planned the escape of Isabel! He imagined a church, an altar, a marriage ceremony and Isabel his bride by his side. For her sake he resolved to gain fame and glory and a name in history. He retired to bed to sleep, and in his sleep to create a garden of Eden with Isabel its Eve.

Weeks passed. Vivien pursued his studies by day, and by night gave his pen to copying in the office. He won the regards of the aged counsellor, who gave him much information on peculiar points in law. He earned a little money but gained more knowledge. Once a month, as he promised, he saw Ambrose and his wife, gladdening their hearts by his visits and his unchanging love for them. The day he last visited Mary, his foster-mother, was her wedding anniversary. Vivien honored it by writing a poem and reading it to her.

"Why, Vivien do you make verses—and such beautiful ones?" she asked, delighted with the compliment.

"I have even printed verses, dear mother," he answered, smiling.

"Printed?"

"Oh, yes, mother; verses and prose also."

"In a book?"

"No—only in papers and magazines."

"I guessed it," said Mary, slyly. "I thought all your writing would come to something at last. I wish you would write out the story of this island, and tell why it is called the 'Pirate's Bride!' They say it has a famous origin."

"I have heard something of it, but know nothing certain of the legend," answered Vivien. "But I will try and see what I can do to please you."

"Oh, do, Vivien," said Mary, "and perhaps the printers will pay you money for it."

"Perhaps so," answered Vivien; and he sighed, for he had really struggled to pay his expenses by writing, and he knew how comparatively little articles paid the author, and how hard it was to live by the pen, when so many are working in the same field. Three months had passed and he had no tidings of Isabel. Only confinement to his office and want of means prevented him from going on the Quixotic expedition of seeking her, by means of the river-sketch which she had enclosed to him.

"Well, Vivien, if you wish to go," said Ambrose, "I will go too. We will sail the smack round into North river and so cruise up to Tappan's bay, and go on till we come to the old fort on the paper. We'll find it if we keep sharp watch."

Vivien embraced his foster-father with joy.

"I had thought of this plan; but I feared to propose it, for I know you need your little vessel every day in fishing."

"It couldn't be better employed than in catching this gold fish up the Hudson."

"He means Isabel," said Mary, smiling. "Well she is a gold fish, and diamond eyes, too, for that matter. I am so glad you are going Ambrose. Now, Vivien, if you find her you must bring her home here and we'll have the wedding here."

"Dear mother, I can not think of weddings. I am too poor to have a wife like Isabel; but, perhaps she would be happier here than with her father; and as she loves me she will wait until I get rich."

"Let us catch the bird first and then talk about cages," said Ambrose.

Three days afterwards at twilight a two-masted vessel might have been seen lazily beating her course up the north river in the vicinity of Stony Point. It was a rare sight to see a salt-sea craft in the fresh waters of the Tappan Zee, and many a queer and inquiring glance was sent after her from the decks of the regular river sloop-skippers that descended the river.

"There is the old ruin," said Ambrose, as they came in sight of the old Fort of Stoney Point.

"Yes—and above it on the height, the pine and oak," cried Vivien. "Opposite, on the face of yonder steep mountain bluff must be the place where Isabel is held prisoner by her father."

"I think I see the roof or smoke of a house half-hid in the forest-side," said Ambrose, who felt almost as keen an interest in detecting the retreat of Mr. Shenstone as Vivien himself.

"Yes so do I."

"We will come to anchor here; and after dark, land and make our way to the spot," said Ambrose, gaily.

The vessel then sailed in under the eastern shore, opposite to the fort, and dropped anchor within the black shadows of the overhanging mountain-side.

Half-an-hour after dark a boat left the Sea Bird containing four persons, Ambrose, Vivien, Mark Skelton who was a "hand" on board, and old Diggon, who was still as much a part of the smack as her keel. The two latter pulled the oars. The boat drew silently shoreward and landed Vivien and Ambrose at a path which they had detected before anchoring. Up this path they together took their way, Ambrose first leaving orders to the two men to keep their hands upon their oars and be ready to receive them and pull away upon a moment's notice."

[To be continued in our next.]

◆

THE ORIGINAL GOOD WOMAN.

The Original Good Woman, though not given to much speaking, was remarkable for always speaking to the purpose, and never betraying any inconsistency or inconsecutiveness in conversation. In reply to the question, Why? or Wherefore? she was accustomed either to give a reason, or to confess that she had none to give. Her conduct, moreover, was singularly rational, and not dictated by whim, caprice, or the blind impulse of the moment. On the other hand, albeit she was not by any means insensible to praise or admiration, yet the desire of attracting it was not always uppermost in her mind, and did not constitute her chief and main consideration.

In brief, reasonableness and freedom from vanity were the distinctive features of her character: for the rest she was endowed with the good qualities which are peculiarly feminine. Be it observed that her understanding was of a particular nature; she was no metaphysician or mathematician: she gave her mind to the study of her part in life, and consequently she acted it well; and engrossed in its performance with the business of the scene, she was not always curtseying and smirking at the spectators.

Her expenditure on dress, whilst she was single, was proportionate to the means of her family; when she became a wife, to those of her husband. She was never known to be discontented or unhappy for the want of some piece of finery which she could not afford. Her attire was regulated by her own taste, without any further reference to fashion than was necessary to avoid being conspicuous. When, at one time, she was getting rather plump, instead of pinching her waist, she reduced her diet; and one of the few persons that she ever treated with contempt was a modish acquaintance who recommended her to "lace a little." Another was a relation who counselled her to wear ear-rings. Her infancy was remarkable for an early abandonment of her doll, and for the moderation of her delight in new frocks. All her instructors were proud of their pupil; but the least loud in her commendation was her dancing-master.

She was much more solicitous about her health than her complexion: and for the sake of exercise would walk bravely forth in all weathers, dressed rather with reference to the day and season, than with respect to the eyes of beholders. Thus she spoiled very few bonnets and other apparel by being caught in showers, and such like accidents. Hence, too, perhaps it was that she enjoyed such an immunity from illness: for the Original Good Woman was uncommonly fortunate in this particular. She was never known to faint, or be troubled with hysterics; and was wonderfully free from all sinkings, swimmings, dartings, shootings, drawings, spasms, and all-over-ishness. Her ailments, when she had any, were plain, downright, unequivocal maladies; as fevers, inflammations, quinsies, colds in the head—strange to say, they were all such as are recognized by the medical faculty. Otherwise a most elegant creature, she was never elegantly indisposed; nor did she ever encourage herself in the persuasion that she was unwell, still less affect to be so. And on no occasion did she ever declare that she was dying except once, when it was almost the last word she ever spoke.

Her conversation was distinguished by a freedom from needless interjections; from appeals to her *goodness!* and her *gracious!* and from declarations that she *never!* It seldom related to clothes, unless she was about to purchase them; it never tended to the prejudice of her acquaintances, nor turned on their petty doings and affairs. They might add to their wardrobes without her noticing the circumstance; they might display bad taste in so doing without exciting any other comment on her part but a smile. She was more interested in the discourse than in the costume of her friends; and when she came away from church, she better remembered what was said than what was worn there.

The parents of the Original Good Woman, who lived before the American Revolution, were anxious that she should marry nothing under a title. She disappointed them, though her husband possessed the highest, that of a wise and honest man; and he ultimately became a great one, even in the world's eye. Circumstances compelled him to take a part in public affairs. Through the successful advocacy of right, he became famous in his day. A high office was within his grasp; but its acceptance would have compromised his principles. Wavering, as the best will for a moment waver, he asked counsel of his wife, as to what course, in this conjecture, he should pursue. She exhorted him to resist the temptation; to trample the bribe under foot; and told him that she felt prouder of him for his moral position than she should be were he a President. "The thing," said the Original Good Woman, "not the glory, for us!"

His ascent, however, to eminence was a struggle. In this she did not embarrass, but comforted him; she was a wife, but not an encumbrance. Never did she once strive to divert him from the true and good path for the sake of luxury or ostentation. No desire to outvie her neighbors in show, style, and mode of living, ever prompted her to endeavor to influence his proceedings. He received no hints from her of an inclination for carriages and a livery; she was content with his aiming at a comfortable subsistence and provision for themselves and family. She was wont to consult with him on their common affairs, and to give and take advice thereon in good part.

As a mother, she was careful and tender of her offspring; but she did not spoil or pet them; nor was she possessed with a notion that there were no such other children in existence. In their management, during infancy, she was guided by her physician, and not by her monthly nurse; having, in fact, a profound contempt for the sayings and practices of all gossips and goodies. Hence, on no pretext was she afflicted by a craving for inaccessible rarities, and fancies of that description. She had her weaknesses; but she despised them and strove to be rid of them. Except for strong cause, the Original Good Woman never wept.

In youth she was beautiful; and her charms, as she advanced in age, were not destroyed, but only changed. She wore her own hair after it had become grey, and was at no pains to tinker up her face. Thus she grew old without growing ridiculous; and when she could no longer be handsome, she was venerable.

◆

Serenity.—The true strength of virtue is serenity of mind, combined with a deliberate and stedfast determination to execute her laws. That is the healthful condition of the moral life; on the other hand, enthusiasm, even when excited by representations of goodness, is a brilliant but feverish glow which leaves only exhaustion and languor behind.

CHRISTIANITY ELEVATES THE MIND.

The Christian religion ennobles and enlarges the mind beyond any other profession or science whatsomever. Upon that scheme, while the earth, and the transient enjoyments of this life, shrink into the narrowest dimensions, and are accounted as "the dust of a balance, the drop of a bucket, yea, less than nothing," the intellectual world opens wider to our view. The perfections of the Deity, the nature and excellence of virtue, the dignity of the human soul, are displayed in the largest characters. The mind of men seems to adapt itself to the different nature of its objects; it is contracted and debased by being conversant in little and low things, and feels a proportionable enlargment arising from the contemplation of these great and sublime ideas.

The greatness of things is comparative: and this does not only hold in respect of extension but likewise in respect of dignity, duration, and all kinds of perfection. Astronomy opens the mind, and alters our judgment, with regard to the magnitude of extended beings; but Christianity produces a universal greatness of soul. Philosophy increases our views in every respect, but Christianity extends them to a degree beyond the light of nature.

How mean must the most exalted potentate upon earth appear to that eye which takes in innumerable orders of blessed spirits, differing in glory and perfection! How little must the amusements of sense, and the ordinary occupations of mortal men, seem to one who is engaged in so noble a pursuit, as the assimilation of himself to the Deity, which is a proper employment of every Christian!

And the improvement which grows from habituating the mind to the comprehensive views of religion must not be thought wholly to regard the understanding. Nothing is of greater force to subdue the inordinate motions of the heart, and to regulate the will. Whether a man be actuated by his passions or his reason, these are first wrought upon by some object, which stirs the soul in proportion to its apparent dimensions. Hence irreligious men, whose short prospects are filled with earth and sense, and mortal life, are invited by these mean ideas to actions proportionably little and low. But a mind, whose views are enlightened and extended by religion, is animated to nobler pursuits by more sublime and remote objects.

There is not any instance of weakness in the infidels that raises ones indignation more than their pretending to ridicule Christians, as men of narrow understandings, and to pass themselves upon the world for persons of superior sense, and more enlarged views. But we leave it to any impartial man to judge which has the nobler sentiments, which the greater views; he whose notions are stinted to a few miserable inlets of sense, or he whose sentiments are raised above the common taste, by the anticipation of those delights which will satiate the soul, when the whole capacity of her nature is branched out into new faculties? He who looks for nothing beyond this short span of duration, or he whose aims are co-extended with the endless length of eternity? He who derives his spirit from the elements, or he who thinks it was inspired by the Almighty?

◆

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

To know one's self, one would think, would be no very difficult lesson;—for who, you will say, can be truly ignorant of himself and the true disposition of his own heart? If a man thinks at all, he cannot be a stranger to what passes there; —he must be conscious of his own thoughts—he must remember his past pursuits, and the true springs and motives which in general have directed the actions of his life; he may hang out false colors and deceive the world, but how can a man deceive himself? That a man can is evident, because he daily does so. Though man is the only creature endowed with reflection, and consequently qualified to know the most of himself, yet so it happens that he generally knows the least. Of all the many revengeful, covetous, false, and ill-natured persons whom we complain of in the world, though we all join in the cry against them, what man amongst us singles out himself as a criminal, or ever once takes into his head that he adds to the number? What other man speaks so often and so vehemently against the vice of pride, sets the weakness of it in a more odious light, or is more hurt with it in another, than the proud man himself? It is the same with the passionate, the designing, the ambitious, and some other common characters in life. Most of us are aware of, and pretend to detest, the bare-faced instances of that hypocrisy by which men deceive others; but few of us are upon our guard against or see the more fatal hypocrisy by which we deceive and over-reach our own hearts.

◆

THE TURKS AND THEIR WIVES.

Of the domestic and social character of the Turk little is known, as it is rarely he invites a Christian to his house; and when he does so, his wife and family are carefully hid; but the training which he receives is of a nature greatly calculated to destroy the pure domestic feelings. Clothed like a fantastically dressed girl, his head bound round with shawls, subjected every day or two to the bath, and accustomed to sit only upon sofas, his childhood is entirely spent amongst the women of his father's harem and their cronies; when he arrives at puberty, he is no longer allowed to associate with the women—probably never speaks to one until he is married to some girl that his father or mother may have bought or selected for him. After marriage, the Turk associates almost as little with his wife as if he had not one; his former training has destroyed those pleasant ties and feelings that exist among civilized people, and he looks upon his wife merely as a piece of furniture. She, on her part, occupies her own part of the house, where, seated among her slaves and cronies, the newest fashion or the latest scandal receives a proper degree of attention. The Turk never walks abroad or appears in public with his wife, and if he were to meet her in the street, would not recognize her; and in many cases husband and wife sit at separate tables, while the wife never appears in any case at table when a stranger is present.

◆

Be Kind.—There is no excuse for unkindness, even in the "vilest of the vile." It is the bane of society, and yet all are more or less liable to indulge in it. We may be determined, resolute, unyielding in what we believe to be duty, but still we may be kind. Indeed firmness and decision in the treatment of wrong doers, are required by kindness, for one of the first dictates of a kind spirit is, that we should consult the good of an offender, and his good can be effectually promoted only by intercepting him in his evil way.

◆

Tears do not dwell long on the cheeks of youth. Rain drops easy from the bud, rests on the bosom of the maturer flowers, and breaks down that which has lived its day.

LIFE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE

A sparrow's nest among the flowers;
A baby smiling in its sleep—
The birds that cross the gleaming steep
Of April's softly sobbing showers,

Are types of the small joys we have
Within our lower sphere of sense—
The beauty and the excellence
That end beside the open grave.

About our feet the summers blow—
The mornings bloom in white and red—
We see the naked hills instead,
And vallies full of drifting snow!

Into the wild, rough sea of tears,
Our mingled hearts themselves do bleed,—
When shall our path of being lead
Across the shining upper spheres!

THE WILD KNIGHT;

OR,

THE UNKNOWN CRUSADER.

A TALE OF GERMANY IN THE DAYS OF THE EMPIRE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XIX.

LIFTING THE VEIL.

At the hour of "high twelve," when the great bell called the craftsmen from their labors in and about the castle, two waiting-maids appeared in the room of Agnes and Constance, and informed them that they were waited for in the great hall below. Without a word the maidens arose and bade the messengers lead the way. In the hall they found the Counts of Wurtemberg and of Baden. Everhard was startled by the strange, deathlike pallor upon the faces of the brides. Constance trembled some, but not so Agnes. The latter seemed more like a statue of alabaster endowed with motion than like a living being. Erect she stood, her lips compressed, and her full eye painfully bright and burning. Her guardian watched her to see if he could detect any signs of the anguish he had feared she would manifest. He was not so blind but that he saw the deep agony which was shut up in that heart; but he felt thankful that few would know it, for he could plainly see that she meant not to show her feelings. He sought consolation in the hope that all this pain would soon wear off. Perhaps he thought so.

Without a word the party moved to the great banquet hall, where they were joined by the priest and witnesses; and then they took their way towards the chapel.

This chapel was inside the castle wall, and between the south-western tower and the lord's dwelling. It was quite spacious, with an altar of stone, upon which was a golden crucifix, and upon the sides were seats of oak to accommodate such as were not able to stand.

When the party reached the chapel the priest at once ascended to the altar, for the host had bidden him hasten with the ceremony. As soon as the chief actors had thus entered, the artizans and men-at-arms came crowding in. There was plenty of room, and all wished to see the important ceremony. Some time was occupied in arranging the numerous audience; but at length all was still, and the priest was upon the point of speaking, when a human form darkened the door-way.

Everhard turned his head, and beheld Hendrick Woldenburg, all covered with sweat and dust, gazing eagerly in upon the scene.

"Ha!" cried the host, starting back to where the armorer stood, and placing his hand upon his arm, "how now, knave? Where have you been? Why come ye in this fashion, and with such haste?"

"I have hastened home to witness the marriage, my lord," returned Hendrick, as calmly as his overtasked breath would permit. "I hope I am not too late."

"You are in ample season, sirrah; but tell me where have you been?"

"It's a long story, my lord. Wait until the ceremony is performed, and then I well tell you all."

The Count seemed satisfied with this for the present, and without speaking further he returned to his stand in front of the altar. Neither of the maidens had seen or heard the young armorer; and it was well that they had not, for had they done so they would surely have betrayed too much. They knew that some one had entered, and they saw Everhard move away to speak with him; but they thought it only some messenger whom he had sent upon a mission of his own.

And furthermore was this most fortunate, for when the host returned to his position he supposed the girls had seen the armorer enter, and he gazed sharply into their faces to see if any look of theirs betrayed a knowledge of the cause of Hendrick's absence. The first look assured him that they knew nothing at all about it. There was a movement a moment afterwards which he did not see. He did not see that Hendrick immediately left the chapel—was gone a few minutes—and then returned.

Shortly after Everhard resumed his place the priest arose and moved forward. A few words of opening ceremony were spoken, and then he turned towards Agnes whose cold, white hand Rudolf of Baden had already clasped.

"Who gives this maiden away to be the wife of this man?" he asked.

"I do," replied Everhard. "I am her guardian, and do act in legal concert with the will of her deceased father. I give her hand thus away, holy father."

"And who bestows the hand of this fair maiden?" the priest resumed, turning to Constance, whose hand Everhard took as he spoke.

"I do, father," answered Rudolf. "I am lord of Baden, and she is a member of my house. I give her hand thus away."

"Then," resumed the priest, "before God and man I now proclaim that I am about to make husband and wife of the Count Everhard of Wurtemberg and the Lady Constance of Baden; and also that at the same time the same holy relation will be consummated between Count Rudolf of Baden and the Lady Agnes of Luxemburg. Such seemeth to us just and proper. And now, if any within the sound of my voice, having the fear of God, and the love of these good people, before his eyes, knoweth of just cause why these ceremonies should not proceed let him now speak, or forever hereafter hold his peace!"

Triumphantly erect stood Rudolf of Baden, and the fire of the demon flashed from his eye.

Stern, dark, and unmoved stood the Wild Knight of Wurtemberg, calmly awaiting the progress of the ceremony.

But Agnes and Constance were failing fast! Until this moment there had been an inward whispering that some good angel of fate might interfere. The words came upon them like a knell, for who would dare to speak there!

"Go on!" uttered Rudolf, impatiently.

"If none speak," said the priest, glancing his eyes over the assembly, "we will go on."

"Be sure, good father, none will speak against the lord of Wurtemberg!" spoke the host, sternly.

But hark! What means that heavy tramp?—that clang of steel, like the rattling of metal scabbards against the cuishes of armed knights?

"HOLD!" spoke a deep, powerful voice, at the door of the chapel; and on the same moment the way was darkened by human forms. "HOLD!" repeated the startling presence, striding up the solemn aisle. "*I forbid the consummation of these banns!*"

In a moment more the towering form of the BLACK KNIGHT stood erect before the sacred altar. Slowly he raised the vizor of his helm and gazed around upon the assembled multitude!

The effect was electric. Agnes and Constance uttered a simultaneous cry, and both sank back upon the seats which had been prepared for them during the after service. The rich blood mounted to Agnes's face, and as it swept back again it seemed to leave her more deathly pale than before. She pressed her hand hard upon her heart, for its beatings were painful.

Upon Everhard and Rudolf the effect was vastly different. The former raised himself to his full height and gazed proudly, but yet wonderingly, upon the face of the intruder. There was no shade of fear in his look, for he could conceive of no possible way in which he was to be thwarted. But Rudolf of Baden was fear-stricken even unto faintness. He grasped the railing by his side for support, and in a hoarse whisper he uttered,—

"Go on, sir priest. This is but a poor maniac! Go on!"

But the priest noticed not the trembling Count. Turning to the Black Knight, he said,—

"Beware, sir! Have ye good cause for this interference?"

"Aye, holy father," returned the Unknown Crusader, solemnly and deeply. "I have both a good cause and the preventing power!"

"Ha!" uttered Everhard, stung by this last remark. "Beware how you prate of power here!"

"But who are ye that thus forbid our ceremonies?" the priest resumed.

In an instant every eye was fixed on the strange Unknown, and a pin could have been heard to drop. Everhard instinctively turned his gaze towards the door, and he saw that it was crowded by armed men; and as he swept on to the window with his eye he noticed that the court-yard was nearly filled with stout soldiers! He would have sprung forward and sounded his war-cry had not the Black Knight at that moment opened his lips.

"Holy father," the mystic Crusader said, "you must let me tell the simple story of how and why I am here ere I tell you the name which no man hath heard for years. I will be brief I assure thee."

All present were too anxious to know the strange secret of the knight's life to make any objection; even the wild Count Everhard himself watching him with breathless interest. Rudolf was the only one who seemed opposed to this; but he was dumb.

"Go on, my son," said the priest. "I would know the cause of thy command, and you may tell it in your own way."

"Then listen," spoke the Unknown. A moment he gazed over the multitude before him, and then he resumed,—"I was the eldest of three children—two sons and a daughter. The daughter was the youngest. Our father was powerful, and well beloved. Our mother died within a month after our sister was born, and in one year after that our father was taken away by death. I was then ten years of age; my brother eight, and my sister only one. Our father left his affairs in the hands of trusty knights until I should become old enough to administer justly. Two years after that, when I was twelve years of age, my brother began to show signs of moroseness and strangeness of conduct. It was one day in spring—on the twenty-eighth of May—that my brother and self accompanied a party of our knights, upon a hunting expedition into the mountain forest. In the heat of the day I got strayed away from the rest of the party, and at length found myself upon the brow of a steep precipice. The way I had ascended had been easy and gradual; but once at the top I looked over into a chasm the bottom of which was hidden in impenetrable gloom.

"While I was contemplating upon the scene my brother suddenly appeared upon the spot. I spoke with him of the grandeur of the scene, but he made me no reply. Then I resolved to learn, if possible, whence arose the strangeness of his conduct. I sat upon a stone, close by the edge of the fearful precipice, as I spoke, while he stood before me. I asked him why he had become so cold and stern of late. He gazed into my face but made no reply. I saw a strange gleaming in his eye, and a sudden contraction of all the muscles of his face. I asked him again why it was. 'I'll tell you,' he cried, '*you are in my way!*' I asked him what he meant, and he told me that though he was a son of his father, yet he could claim none of that father's power. 'You,' said he, fiercely, 'because you chanced to be born two years before me, own all the power, while I must go a begging for a title!' I tried to soothe him—to gain his love again. I assured him that if he would prove worthy he should share all with me.

"'Aye!' he cried, 'even now you play the tyrant. You will give me if *I am worthy!*' Seeing him look so savagely, so strangely, upon me, I instinctively arose. As I did so he uttered these words,—they were quickly spoken, and broke from his lips hot and hissing:—'*I will have a master no more!*' Even while the word of prayer was upon my lip he gave me a sudden push, with all his power, and I fell headlong over the giddy, fearful brink!"

At this point in the narrative of the Unknown there was a cold shudder ran through the whole assembly, and even the wild Count Everhard had become deeply interested. Constance sat like one in a strange dream. Her gaze was fixed intensely upon the speaker; her eyes gleamed with a fervent glow; her bosom heaved with violent emotion; and her whole frame shook at times as though with the palsy. Agnes was not less affected, though differently. All her emotion seemed to be the surging of billowy hope towards the haven of fruition. Hope, Faith, and Love beamed upon her sweet face as with hands clasped upon her bosom, she watched the noble features of the speaker.

But Rudolf of Baden seemed the least affected of them all. He gazed with a vacant stare upon the Black Knight, and ever and anon a light, faint smile swept across his face. Some who saw him thought he had no interest in the affair; but, could they have looked into his soul they would have seen that the vacant stare was the result of a freezing heart; and that faint smile the effect of an effort to throw some life into a face which he felt must otherwise be ghastly even unto death.

But the Crusader stopped not long. He repressed the shudder which the startling memory called up, and then proceeded:—

"I fell, I knew not how far—only I knew I had had time to think of father, of mother, of sister, of heaven, and to forgive my brother—when something suddenly stopped my descent. I felt a sort of stunning sensation—a momentary darkness of mind—and then I regained my senses. I was not harmed in the least. A huge eagle, who had formed her eyrie upon a sort of shelf within a deep fissure of the rock, had started out just as I came down. I struck full upon her back, and was thrown off upon the shelf. The mighty bird was longer in regaining her senses than was I, for I had time to judge of my position, and move further in towards the eyrie, where her eggs were deposited, ere she fully realized what had happened. But finally she saw me, and drove at me at once. I had time to draw my dagger and defend myself; and as I gazed about me after this I gave utterance to the simple prayer which forms the motto upon my shield.

When I had become somewhat restored to calm thought I examined my position. I had not fallen a tenth part of the way to the bottom of the terrible abyss. The distance to the dark shades of the gulf beneath me was even then beyond compute. I could not reach safety in that direction. I then gazed upward, and after a while I believed I could climb up. The shelf upon which I then was ran in an oblique direction upward for some distance, and terminated at a point where a succession of vines and shrubs seemed to be growing out from a vertical fissure in the face of the precipice. I made my way out there, and hope told me I could gain the summit in that direction. I tried it, and I succeeded. I reached the top of the cliff, and I sat down upon the self-same stone where I had been seated two hours before. I could not bear to return to my home. If I exposed the terrible crime of my brother there would be no more joy in our household. If I did not expose it my life would be no longer safe, for he would have now a double inducement to destroy me—aye, a treble inducement: Fear to meet my gaze; fear of punishment; and the same jealousy of my seniority. I pondered long and earnestly, and finally I resolved that I would return no more to my home until I could return with manhood and an honorable name.

"I went first to Aix-la-Chapelle, all the way on foot, where I represented that I was a poor orphan without friends or a home. A French Knight was there, bound for the Holy Land. I begged of him to take me into his service as a page. He did so. I went with him to Palestine. I served him faithfully for one year, and at the end of that time he was slain, and I was taken in charge by the noble Duke of Austria. I gained my golden spurs of honored knighthood with my own sword; and to this day I have never dishonored them.

"And now I have returned to the home of my childhood. Oh! would to God I had not come with such fearful duty upon me!"

The Unknown Crusader here stopped and wiped a tear from his eye; and as he did so Rudolf of Baden started from his seat and turned towards the door. He was now pale as death, and his frame shook like an aspen.

"Sir Rudolf," spoke a voice from the aisle, "you pass not here yet!"

The count gazed up and saw an old knight of his own household—one of the officers of his stout castle at Heidelberg.

"How, Sir Adolf,—dare you stop me?" Rudolf gasped.

"I must," the old knight answered. "Return to your seat."

"By Saint Paul, Adolf of Heidelberg, dare to stop me, and I'll strike thee to my feet!"

"Beware, Sir Rudolf! You had better return. Force me not to call assistance here!"

This was spoken in a whisper, and as Rudolf gazed up he saw the great aisle filled with the loyal knights of Baden. An instant he hesitated, and then he turned and staggered back to his seat. A cold, clammy sweat was upon his brow, and a look of terrible fear was upon his face. He sank down with a deep groan, and buried his face in his hands!

CHAPTER XX.

CONCLUSION.

All was now breathless excitement. Most of those present knew now all that was to be known—the startling truth had burst upon them—but yet the word was wanted from the lips of him who had held the key to all this strange mystery.

"Sir Knight," spoke the priest, "once more I ask thee—By what authority do you forbid these marriages?"

"By this authority:" pronounced the crusader, lifting his helm from his head as he spoke, and gazing first upon the company before him, and then upon the priest. "To the lady Constance I am elder brother, and as the rightful lord of Baden I am her guardian! To the lady Agnes of Luxemberg I hold the relation of affianced husband—made so by her father's last Will and Testament, wherein he gave her hand to the Count of Baden!"

"And you are——

"*Erich, Count of Baden, and Prince of Heidelberg!*"

For an instant it seemed as though sudden death had stricken every member of that assembly; but soon the re-action came. Everhard of Wurtemburg was the first to speak. He rushed forward and caught Erich by the hand, and as he did so he cried,—

"Sir Erich of Baden, give me your love and your confidence. Here is my hand in token of both!"

"With all my heart," the noble count returned.

And after this he turned towards Constance. He held out his arms and smiled, and the word "*Sister*" fell from his lips. She started forward, and with one low, heart-sent cry of joy and gladness, she sank upon his bosom and burst into tears.

His next movement was towards Agnes; but their feelings were constrained, and their greeting was almost awkward. She trembled fearfully, but did not rest her head upon him as his sister had done. Not one in that company could have told from all this of the deep love they bore each other.

A moment more, and Erich von Baden stood facing his brother. He gazed upon him awhile in sadness, and then he said,—

"Alas, my brother, would to God that one of us had died ere the story of this hour had come to light! When I started for the home of my boyhood I hoped I should find you ready to receive me in love and gladness. I had hoped that the hot, blind passions of boyhood had been followed by remorse; and that remorse had ended in penitence and reform. I had furthermore hoped that you would feel a joy in knowing that your brother's blood was not upon your hands. But oh! how sadly was I doomed to disappointment. Within an hour after meeting me in this castle you recognized me. I knew the moment I met your eye after the truth had burst upon you. And again you sought my life! Four separate times you planned for my death: Once by the hands of the Italian, after having had my armor abused; once by the hands of von Kempton; once by the hands of two midnight assassins; and lastly by a band of marauders in the wood! Oh! Rudolf! Rudolf! what a heart must you carry in your bosom! You will not wonder that I fear to have thee run at large. Sleep would be dangerous wert thou abroad. We shall meet again. Repent—truly and sincerely repent—and none shall love thee more than thy brother.

"Sir Adolf, bear him hence; and be thou answerable for his safety."

Without a word Rudolf was led from the chapel by one whom he had been wont to command. There was a terrible frown upon his brow, and a deadly gleam of hatred in his eye.

"Oh!" murmured Erich, half aloud, and with evident pain, "God knows I would not do this only that I fear we are none of us safe with him at liberty in his present mood. Even the breast of maiden innocence would not be free from the stroke of his vengeful steel."

"Thou art right," returned the priest. And others held the same opinion.

During this scene Everhard had been buried in deep thought with his head bowed; but just as the prisoner disappeared at the door he raised his head and motioned for Sir Engelbert of Marburg to approach. The latter did so; and when he had reached the open space in front of the altar the Wild Knight took his hand, and in a frank tone he said,—

"Engelbert von Marburg, you know the plan which we were about to consummate as you and your companion in arms so strangely interrupted us. It was a plan I had long held in view, and upon which I was firmly bent. Were my own will master now I will not say how I would act, though I should hardly feel like carrying out any plan which had been adopted in conjunction with one who has proved such a cowardly villain. But as it is, fate and power are both against me. He who alone has the power to dispose of the hand of Constance von Baden says I cannot wed her. So, making a virtue of necessity, I yield my claim, and if you win the fair prize I here give you my knightly word that no ill-feeling shall ever exist between us on account thereof!"

Engelbert of Marburg was fairly astonished. He had not even dared hope for this. He knew that Everhard was above meanness, but he had not known that he could be so generous. He thanked him as best he could, and swore eternal friendship on the spot.

"There is one more you must forgive, my good cousin of Wurtemberg," said Erich, with a smile.

"Ah—name him."

"Hendrick Woldenburg."

"Oho—he is the mouse, then, after all, who has nibbled this hole through my affairs?"

"But he did it at my bidding, uncle," interposed Agnes.

The Wild Knight gazed upon the pale face of his fair niece, and when he remembered what a pit of shame and degradation he had almost forced her into all thoughts of anger fled from his bosom, and Hendrick was forgiven with all his heart.

There was nothing more to be done in the chapel, and at a sign from Everhard the people gave way through the aisle, and the chief actors in the scene passed out. The two freed girls fled to their chambers at once, where they once more wept upon each other's bosom. But oh! how different were those tears from the ones shed in that same place in the morning. Each pearly drop was a silent messenger of joy, forced out from souls that had not room enough for all their wondrous emotions.

Ere long there came the sound of heavy feet in the corridor, and instinctively Constance glided from the room by a side door. In a few moments more some one rapped for admission, and in a tremulous, broken, fluttering tone Agnes bade the applicant enter.

She was not deceived. It was Erich von Baden. He closed the door behind him, and then turned towards the maiden. He opened his arms, and she now sank gladly, joyously upon his bosom.

"Oh! Agnes! my life, my love!" he murmured, "the hour has come—the veil is rent in twain! Thus do I hold thee to my bosom, the dearest prize of earth, the safest guide to heaven! Through all my life I will cherish thee as the very soul of my soul—the heart of my heart. Love me, Agnes,—love me ever—love me as in this hour when years have rolled away—love me as I love thee—love me with the great love of thy pure and constant heart, and I'll ask no more but heaven!"

Oh! how sweetly flowed those words upon the maiden's soul. Clinging more closely to the manly form that was to be her support through life—gazing up through the brimming tears, she answered,—

"As heaven is true, so will I be true to thee; and as thine own great love is firm, so shall my love, pure and undivided, cling to thee through all the joys and trials of life!"

* * * * * * * * *

On the following day, as Hendrick Woldenburg was in the act of bridling a horse he had just caught in the woods, he felt a hand laid suddenly upon his neck, and a voice spoke,—

"O, villain, I have thee, at least! Thou art one of the accursed crew; and as I cannot at present reach your betters, I'll leave your dead body as a token of my will!"

At the first lisp Hendrick recognized the voice of Rudolf von Baden! He did not stop to consider how the man had come there. It was enough that he was there, and that his purpose was one of death. Most people would have been fearfully startled by such a grasp and salutation, and immediately tried to escape; but not so Hendrick. He knew that Rudolf had him at a vantage, and that he could kill him in a moment if he willed, for his quick eye caught the glitter of a short dagger which the knight held in his right hand. The moment the man began to speak, the young armorer knew that he would not strike until he had finished what he had to say; and he furthermore felt sure that Baden's perfect assurance of his advantage would make him less careful than otherwise.

These thoughts flashed through Hendrick's mind as he half knelt beneath the pressure of the ruffian's grasp. He moved not a muscle—he spoke not a word. He waited until, from the inflection of the speaker's tones, he supposed he was about to conclude, and then, quick as thought, he stooped lower down and glided from beneath the villain's touch. The knight's dagger was already in the air, ready for the stroke; but this unexpected movement of his intended victim caused him to start back; and as he did so, Hendrick had time to measure the distance of the gleaming weapon and its aim. Rudolf hesitated but a moment; he drew his dagger further back, and then struck—struck with all his power and might. The stout youth's eagle eye had been upon that hand, and with a slight movement to the left, he caught the wrist as it descended, and turned the blow aside. All the force of his immense physical strength had been concentrated into that one effort; and such was the momentum of his lightning-like grasp that the wrist of the assassin was turned slightly inward—but on went the keen blade, striking its point upon the bare throat of its owner, just above the centre of the breast-bone, and striking in to the guard.

The last spasmodic effort of Rudolf of Baden was to draw forth the dagger, and even as he did so he staggered back. A quick dark stream of blood spouted forth from the wound, rising with a gurgling sound, for the heart had been touched!

Hendrick Woldenburg started back aghast! He had not meant to do that deed—he had meant nothing but escape. But 'twas too late now to repine. He made sure that the man was dead, and then he leaped upon the horse he had caught, and galloped away to the castle. He told his simple story, and begged that no blame might be laid to him. But he had nothing to fear. The poor wretch had only fallen into a pit of his own digging, and not one could weep for him. Sir Erich bowed in grief and sorrow over the cold form of his brother; but 'twas grief for the life he had led more than for his death—sorrow for a sin-laden soul, more than for the loss of a relative.

Rudolf had been placed by the old Knight of Heidelberg in a vault from which there was a secret mode of egress terminating near the foot of the cliff, and thus the prisoner who knew this secret, had sought a way to some deed of vengeance; but a power mightier than his, had led him to the death he so richly deserved, and which was absolutely necessary for the safety of those who were good and pure.

Among the knights of Baden, who had come on with Erich, from Heidelberg, was Sir Reginald von Leinroden. He was young and brave, and of gentle blood. He had seen and loved the beautiful Blanche of Wurtemberg, and she had returned the love. And he was well worthy of it, too, for a braver knight, a truer friend, or a more pleasant companion was not to be found. Sir Reginald begged of the noble Count of Baden to intercede for him with Everhard. Half an hour afterwards Erich was with Agnes, explaining to her how he went directly to Heidelberg and stopped at the castle, intending to have gone on to Aix with despatches he had for the emperor. An old servant of the house recognized him, and the first he knew of the affair, the hall where he and Engelbert were eating their supper, was crowded with anxious faces, and one among them called out—"'*Tis he! 'Tis Erich von Baden!*" It could be concealed no longer. The old servants seemed ready to devour him in pure love, and the retainers swore eternal fidelity. On the following morning Hendrick arrived, and when he had told his story, Erich resolved to take the whole force of his castle with him. He knew that his wicked brother could present no just claim, but he knew not how much power of resistance he might be able to gain from the robber knights.

"Dear Erich," said Agnes, after her lover had told his story, "I have a mission I wish you to perform. Our sweet cousin Blanche is very unhappy. Among your knights there is one whom she loves."

"Ah—Sir Reginald von Leinroden, you mean?" returned Erich with a smile.

"Yes. How did you know?"

"Simply because I have a mission from him."

"To Everhard?"

"Yes."

"And you will perform it?"

"Of course I will."

"Oh! I hope you will succeed. It would add so much to my own happiness to see her delivered from the deep agony she now suffers."

* * * * * * *

It was a week after these events that the venerable Bishop of Spire came to the castle of the Count Everhard; for the Wild Knight had sworn that his fair ward should not go away from his domain until she was bound by law more firmly to another than to him. And once more there was a dense gathering in the chapel. Sir Erich and Agnes, and Engelbert and Constance had taken their places. At this juncture Everhard whispered to the old bishop, and then turned to where stood Sir Otto von Metzinger. What he said to Otto, none others heard, but the old robber turned first pale, then red—then he looked angry; but soon he seemed satisfied; and Everhard returned to the altar, stopping by the way only long enough to take Sir Reginald von Leinroden by the hand and lead him forward.

"Sir Reginald," he said, with more true feeling than any there had ever before seen him manifest, "for the first time in my life, I am going to break from a cherished plan of my own, for the sole purpose of making two young people happy. You may think I do no more than I ought, but be assured that my mind came slowly to this purpose. ——Here, Blanche.—— There—I can do no more. If you ever chafe beneath the yoke you now assume, you will not blame me."

Blanche of Wurtemberg could hardly realize the full meaning of the strange movement. Until that moment she had feared the worst; and to be thus suddenly lifted from the terrible gloom into the full blaze of such extatic joy, was more than she could calmly sustain. With a quivering lip—her eyes brimming with tears which she strove with all her power to restrain, she reached forth her trembling hand and caught her father by the arm. One movement more, and she was upon his bosom, the flood bursting forth, and her wet cheek pillowed against his breast.

"My father," she murmured, in tones almost frantic with their weight of bewildering bliss, "through all the years to come, you shall never repent this act. Oh! I will love thee; and my prayers shall never ascend to heaven without bearing thy name in gratitude to God!"

See! Why do the stout knights and men-at-arms look so wonderingly upon the Wild Knight of Wurtemberg? Ah—they see what man never saw before. A-down his hard cheeks the bright tears are rolling, each one a messenger of love and goodness from a heart that knew not itself till now.

THE END.

THE SWEET USES OF ADVERSITY.

You wear out your old clothes.

You are not troubled with many visitors.

You are exonerated from making calls.

Crossing sweepers do not molest you.

Bores do not bore you.

Sponges do not haunt your table.

Tax-gatherers hurry past your door.

Itinerant bands do not play opposite your window.

You avoid the nuisance of serving on juries.

You are not persecuted to stand god-father.

No one thinks of presenting you with a Testimonial.

No clerk irritates you by asking, "Is there any other little article to-day, Sir?"

Begging letter-writers leave you alone.

Impostors know it is useless to bleed you.

You practice temperance.

You swallow infinitely less poison than others.

Flatterers do not shoot their rubbish into your ear.

You are saved many a debt, many a deception, many a head-ache.

And, lastly, if you have a true friend in the world, you are sure, in a very short space of time, to learn it!

DEATH.

(To a Friend.)

BY C. D. STUART.

And thou art stricken, then, my friend!
That bitter shaft has found at length
The doorway of thy tenement,
And robbed thy spirit of its strength:
Great woe, indeed! If tears of mine
Could heal the grief, or ease the pain,
Thou should'st have her thou mourn'st as dead,
Ruddy and fresh with life again.

'Tis strange! I always thought 'twas strange
That Death, like an unkennel'd hound,
Should through our fields and pastures range,
And gird our hearths and altars round—
For most, he seems delight to have
Where fairest fruits and flowers abound,
Trampling the tender buds and vines
Into the chilliness of the ground.

My heart did beat within me loud,
And murmurs ran along my tongue,
And even curses seemed to crowd
'Gainst one who spared nor old nor young:
And oft-times I had murmured more,
Had I not thought some wiser end
Than human eyes are given to see,
Hovered, thus grimly, to befriend.

And when my little faith looked up,
Bravely, through all the mighty harm,
I said, perchance this bitter cup
May be the working of a charm;
For though 'twas dark, around, above,
And darkest while the woe was keen,
Glimpses of heaven and perfect love,
Like sun-smiles, shot the clouds a-tween

And whispering angels softly said,
In tones most musical and mild,
"The only living are the dead,"
As drooped the eyelids of the child—
And when the mother's brow grew pale
And lip and cheek of blush were shorn,
Louder the minstrels pealed their strain,
"Now surely is the mother born."

These buds ye weep, have 'scaped the frost;
These flowers ye mourn—obscured in gloom—
Are only to the tempest lost,
Which cannot reach their brighter bloom;
Their bloom in climes that know no night,
Where fields and streams, and skies are fair,
And time is but the flow of light,
Golden and glowing through the air.

No lingering ill nor sudden pang,
Within that beauteous land are known,
Where all have sandals made of flowers,
And gold-harps of the tenderest tone—
With teachers from that starry band,
Who wrote and sung their morning hymn
When the young Earth, awaking, saw
Heaven and felt its eyes grow dim.

April, 1857.

FOREST SKETCHES---NO. 21.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY COL. WALTER P. DUNLAP.

BATTLE WITH A WILD HOG.

One day, while in the upland woods, at some distance from the plantation, I was sure that I saw some hogs about a half-a-mile from me. They were large, gaunt fellows, and seemed to be of a brown color. When I reached home I asked Uncle Abner if there were any hogs in the forest. He said there were quite a number; or, at least, he supposed there were. Hogs were not turned out there as in some sections where acorns were plenty, but several of the planters had lost animals of that kind, and it was supposed that they had gone off into the woods and were breeding there, as some of both sexes had escaped.

"But will it do to shoot them?" I asked.

"Certainly," my host replied. "I own 'em as much as anybody does; and you have my full permission to shoot as many as you please."

I thanked him, and at the same time assured him that if the opportunity should present itself I should avail myself of his offer.

Several days after this we started out on a pigeon hunt. When we reached the woods where the pigeons were to be found we separated, and agreed to meet again as soon as the sun should touch the tree-tops. Ben and myself kept together for some time, as we had a sort of social bet with Harris and Ned Hobson that we would bring home the most pigeons. Ned was confident that he should beat; but Ben laughed at him and told him to wait.

Ere long we had an excellent shot. Ben and I both had double-barrelled fowling-pieces—and pretty heavy ones at that. Some like the rifle best, even for such game. Nothing could have induced old Garl to shoot one of these shot-guns. He said they were only for boys. "They'r for them as can't aim sure—them as wants a spread like the broad-side of a cabin to shoot at," he expressed it. However, pigeons are oftener found in flocks; or, at least, in company than single, and hence a shot-gun will frequently do great execution.

For instance:* This first shot of ours on the present occasion was a remarkable one. As we crept along together we observed a fluttering among the leaves of a tree not far off, and upon coming nearer we saw that one of the trees—a large black oak—was literally filled with pigeons. We stopped and cocked our pieces—setting both hammers back—and then arranged it thus: We would fire together, I at the top of the tree, and he nearer the bottom; and then, as soon as the birds took wing, we were to let fly our second charges as it came handy. We did this, and the result was beyond our most ardent expectations. For some fifteen minutes we were busily engaged in securing the fluttering birds, and when we had gathered up all we could see we had quite a pile. It seemed as though nearly every shot had killed a pigeon.

Half-an-hour after this we started a large flock which divided itself and flew in different directions. Ben said he would give chase to one lot, while I started after the other. I knew that those which I followed would settle down at no great distance, and I ran after them at quite a respectable trot. I lost sight of them at length, and supposed they had alighted; so when I came near the spot where I thought they might be, I became careful and crept along noiselessly and watchfully.

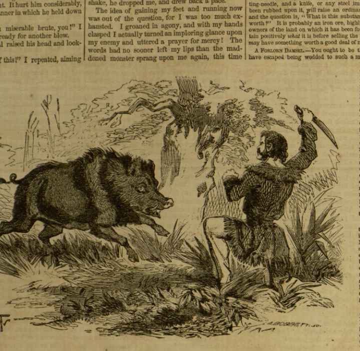
Finally I detected a motion amid the foliage of a tall tree to my right, and very soon I saw a pigeon drop from one branch to another. I glided slowly up under cover of another tree, and when near enough, I drew back both hammers and brought the gun to my shoulder. I discharged the right barrel; and then as the birds started up from their rest I took them on the wing. They fell and fluttered in all directions. I sprang forward and began to gather up such as were only wounded first. I had cleared up the open space beneath the tree, when I heard a fluttering behind some bushes close at hand. I started quickly around in that direction, and was not a little startled upon finding half-a-dozen pigeons upon the green-sward, and a large hog—a wild boar—just in the act of seizing one.

Now the idea of being afraid of a hog had never entered my head. I supposed if I turned upon him he would make off at once. And I did so. I cried out to him to be off, and swung my gun at him; but he took no further notice of me than to look up, and then resume his onset upon the birds. This nettled me, and I kicked at him. He raised his head, and, with a sharp, angry grunt, snapped his teeth at me. This maddened me, and I raised the breech of my gun and gave him a severe blow upon the tip of the snout. It hurt him considerably, as I could tell by the manner in which he held down his head and shook it.

"Now get out, you miserable brute, you!" I cried, holding my gun ready for another blow.

As I spoke the animal raised his head and looked at me.

"Come—be off out of this!" I repeated, aiming another blow at his snout.



But I missed my mark. As my gun began to descend the boar opened his mouth with an angry grunt and leaped towards me. I struck, but the blow amounted to nothing at all. Then I started back and hallooed; but he kept on, and his first effort was to seize me by the leg. His teeth did not touch my flesh, however; and as my leggings were quite old the stuff tore out, and I broke away, leaving a strip of cloth hanging from the brute's mouth.

As I now looked upon those long, sharp tusks I became alarmed. I remembered what the wild hog was. Even domesticated boars, when allowed to attain the age of several years, are very dangerous at times; and from this what might I expect from a huge boar wholly wild, and mad at that? As he came at me again I turned and ran. At the first tree I stopped and dodged behind it. For a moment the boar stopped and gazed at me. He looked ugly and savage, and I could see very plainly that he meant to give me battle.

Pretty soon he started around the tree, but I moved quickly enough to keep out of his way. Around the large trunk I went, and around he went after me. I remembered the chase of the bear in Texas, and I supposed at first that I could certainly keep out of this animal's way as easily as I did out of the grizzley's. But I found myself mistaken. The boar could run in a smaller circle; and besides, he seemed more savage and frantic with rage than the bear had been.

As soon as the boar stopped, which he did after running around some dozen times, I cast my eyes about to see if there was a tree at hand which I could climb. I saw one at the distance of about thirty yards. It was a hickory, and the limbs were low enough to be reached easily. That was the nearest one with limbs low enough for my purpose. Could I reach it? The brute could run much faster than I could, but I hoped I might be able to gain a fair start in advance.

Ere long the boar gave a leap towards me, brushing the tree with his side, and snapping his sharp tusks together within six inches of my thigh. I was startled, but I regained myself quickly, and then started. The boar had leaped in the opposite direction from the hickory I had selected, and, fearing that I might not have a better opportunity, I gathered all my energies for the effort and put out for the place. I ran swiftly, but I heard the tramp of my terrible enemy close behind me. I strained every nerve—I ran as I surely never ran before—and I reached the goal. I dared not stop to turn my head—I reached up and caught a limb—I gathered my remaining energies for a spring, and was upon the point of leaving the ground, when I felt a grip upon my boot-top. I tried to pull myself up but it was of no avail. My hold was broken, and with a deep, frightened cry, I was pulled back upon the green sward. I staggered an instant—struggled with all my power—and then, while the cry for help broke from my lips in a wild piercing shriek, I fell upon the earth.

My first impulse was to leap to my feet again, but just as I gathered my hands and feet for the effort I felt the huge snout under my left side, and on the next instant I was tossed over upon my back. I now opened my eyes, and found the mad beast standing over me glaring into my face. Small drops of froth were starting from his mouth, and his huge tusks were wholly uncovered, the jaws being separated just enough to give an intensely ugly expression to the horrid face.

I yelled with all my might. The boar started back a step, and then, with an angry grunt, he sprang upon me, and seizing upon the folds of my frock, just above the belt, he tore it away as though it had been paper! In the frenzy of the moment I seized my knife, which hung in its sheath at my belt, and prepared to strike when he should next advance.

Having shaken the strips of my frock clear of his teeth the monster rushed towards me again. I had reached my knees, and as he came on I plunged the knife with all my power between his shoulders. I had aimed for his heart, but I missed the stroke. The stout steel was driven into the shoulder-blade, and as the brute leaped back upon feeling the pain he took the knife with him! I clung to it with all my power, but it was fixed so firmly that it would not come out. As the boar leaped back I started to my feet.

Should I run, or should I climb the tree? Neither! The thought had hardly flashed through my mind when the maddened brute sprang upon me. He was now utterly frenzied with rage and pain, and he knew I had caused it. I attempted to leap on one side, but he bit my right leg and I fell. In an instant he seized me with his great tusks, and as the handle of my knife was turned towards me I caught hold of it. The animal had now, very fortunately for me, seized me by the belt. This belt was of stout red leather, and secured by a strong tongued-buckle. He had it between his teeth, and some of the fragments of the frock, and a fold or two of my shirt, with it; but he had not yet touched my flesh.

As I grasped the haft of the knife he commenced to shake me. He dragged me backward furiously, tearing my shoulders over the sward, ever and anon stopping to give me a shake. Meanwhile I tugged at the knife, but could not move it a hair. It was fixed firmly.

A full minute the animal dragged me thus, and at the end of that time my strength was gone. I had been crying out for help with all my might, but I could cry no more. My limbs ached, and the breath seemed almost entirely beaten from my body. The terrific monster seemed to know this, for, having given one more tremendous, cruel shake, he dropped me, and drew back a pace.

The idea of gaining my feet and running now was out of the question, for I was too much exhausted. I groaned in agony, and with my hands clasped I actually turned an imploring glance upon my enemy and uttered a prayer for mercy! The words had no sooner left my lips than the maddened monster sprang upon me again, this time planting his fore feet upon my breast! With a hideous contortion of his brute face, and a deep, threatening grunt, he plunged his deathly tusks towards my throat! But with a power which fear of the fatal movement gave me, I grasped the snout with both hands and turned it away; and then, with the last effort of my expiring strength, I rolled over upon my side, and thus slipped the heavy weight from my breast.

The boar was too much excited with pain and madness to hesitate now. As I turned, and his fore feet slid to the ground, scraping my left breast as they did so, he started back and caught my belt again in his teeth. He had given one shake of the head, and just started to drag me backward as before, when the sharp report of a rifle broke upon my ear. I heard a dull *chuck*, as though a stout cord had snapped within the brute's skull. He loosened his hold upon my belt—gave one wild shake of the head—stood a moment as if trying to steady himself from the effects of some heavy blow—and then rolled over upon his side—dead!

"Colonel—are ye hurt?"

I looked up and saw old Garl. I reached forth my hand, and he took it and raised me to my feet.

"Are ye *much* hurt?" he asked, eagerly, gazing into my face, which was all bespattered with blood from the knife wound in the hog's breast.

"No—not any—only all dragged out," I replied.

"Eh?—Is it all, though? Ain't ye harmed bodily?"

"I think not." And as I spoke I shook myself, giving play to my whole muscular system, to satisfy myself of my condition.

But I was still sound in body. It seemed almost a miracle, but so it was. The presence of Garl, and the death of my terrible enemy, restored much of my nervous power, and with the assistance of my friend I could walk quite well. I sat down while the old trapper went off a short distance to a spring to bring some water; but just as he returned Ben came up, and I thus gained a restorative which I much needed.

Ben Gilroy's *vade-mecum*—the brandy-flask—was not yet empty, and a draught from that revived me wonderfully. After this I sat there until I had told my story, and by that time I was able to walk without assistance. Ben gathered up the pigeons I had left scattered about, and brought them along.

"Well, Colonel," said Garl, as we started, "what d'ye think now of my rifle? A shot-gun wouldn't 'a' did that yer job."

"And still it's old Garl himself I have to thank," I returned, warmly, "for if your rifle had been at home your knife would have done the job."

"Not so sartin, Colonel—not so sartin. Ah—give me the old killer yet."

Of course I didn't argue the case with him.

We stopped at various points to gather up the pigeons which had been deposited as the load became heavy, and finally cleared the woods; met the rest of our friends; and turned towards home. On the way of course I had to tell my story over again.

Garl said that he heard me calling for help some time before he found me.

"I know'd ye wur in danger somehow," he added, "so I dropped my game an' started. I heard ye onc't more—kind o' weak like—an' that wur all. I came nigh losin' ye, for I hadn't got yer direction 'dzactly from yer voice. But I happened to hit ye; an' jes' about in the nick o' time, too, I take it."

He was right there.

When we reached home I was a sorry sight to behold. My clothes were more than half torn off; my face and rags all dabbled with blood; and my frame still tremulous from pain and fatigue. But the kind attentions and dosing of Mammy soon put me on the road to good health again, and by morning I had entirely recovered, excepting a slight lameness and stiffness of the joints which soon wore off with exercise.

But I was in a measure repaid for my sufferings. When we came to count the pigeons, Ben and I had forty-seven more than Ned and Harris. Garl and Uncle Abner were not in the arrangement. So we not only had a good laugh at our two companions, but we had the prospect of the best supper which could be got up at the first good hotel we should reach.

In the morning we harnessed up a single team, and went out and got the boar; and from his carcass Mammy got grease enough to make the nicest lot of soap she ever got up in one batch.

◆

INTEGRITY THE BASIS OF GOOD CHARACTER.—Integrity is the foundation of all that is high in character among mankind; other qualities may add to its splendor, but if this essential requisite be wanting, all their lustre fades.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. D. L., of St. Charles, Winona Co., in Minnesota Territory, says he has found a lot of rock in that section, which is very heavy, weighing almost as much as iron, and so hard it is almost impossible to break it with a hammer; it possesses such strong magnetic qualities that it will lift a knitting-needle, and a knife, or any steel implement that has been rubbed upon it, will raise an ordinary sewing-needle; and the question is, "What is this substance, and what is it worth?" It is probably an iron ore, highly polarized. The owners of the land on which it has been found should ascertain positively *what* it is before selling the property, as they *may* have something worth a good deal of money.

A FORLORN DAMSEL.—You ought to be thankful that you have escaped being wedded to such a man, although you would not have deserved much pity had you been yoked to him for life. You should have mistrusted and been disgusted with a man who made you an offer of marriage in less than two months after the death of his wife. Such rapacity of marital affection, and such lack of decency and delicacy, argue that conjugal happiness could not reasonably be expected with him who exhibits them.

FAUST.—Marry the girl at once, if she will consent. Never mind the disgraceful brother. She is not to blame for his misdoings, and will make just as good a wife as though her brother were Governor of the State.

SPARTACUS.—The LEDGER of March 14th contains full information concerning the Military Academy at West Point and the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

H. B. P.—There have been writers who seem to have possessed unusual gifts for constructing alliterative rhymes. The celebrated "Siege of Belgrade," commencing

"An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
By bolt, by battery, besieged Belgrade;
Cossacks commanding cannonading come,
Dealing destruction, death's devastating doom," &c., &c.,

is a notable instance of this kind of composition. The following lines, indited by a lover concerning his sweetheart, also exhibit much ingenuity, *every word* being alliterative, to wit:

"Surpassing sweet seraphic strains she sings,
Softening sad spirits sympathetic strings;
Such soul-subduing sounds, so strangely soothing,
She seems some saintly spirit sorrow smoothing."

J. SYNTAX.—We are willing to answer a question relating to grammar, but cannot undertake to give a course of grammatical instruction. Our correspondent says the newspapers in his town are conducted by such ignoramuses that he has counted as many as ten errors in grammar in one paragraph. It must be a wofully illiterate town, and we shall not name it, lest it vow revenge upon the LEDGER.—To the question, "What part of speech is *attorney-general?*" we answer, it is a compound noun. If there be an adjective in it, it is *attorney* and not *general*.

JAMES ELLET.—Yes; a good hand-writing is an excellent thing for a young man to possess himself of, although it is not so important as a thorough knowledge of grammar. You should also seek to become a good speller. Nothing prejudices one more against employing a person as a book-keeper, or in any capacity wherein much writing will have to be done, than the exhibition of bad spelling. In fact, all kinds of knowledge are useful, and you should learn as much as possible about everything, and acquire all the accomplishments you can.

J. B.—A man who gives a promissory note in one State, and then removes to another, can be compelled to pay the note wherever he may be, provided he has means that can be reached by a sheriff. All you have to do is to send the note, properly endorsed, to some lawyer in the place where the maker of it lives, with orders to collect it and remit the proceeds to you. If you do not know a lawyer in said place, give it to one who lives in the same town with you, and let him send it to some professional brother who is within reach of the debtor.

ELEANOR.—Men—some of them—will do such things—to their shame be it said. You are not the first girl, by several millions, whose love has been won by a conscienceless, dishonest, dishonorable and villainous man, who has then trifled with his dupe; befooled, insulted, and deserted her, and then boasted of his base conduct. There is no remedy for this, except in such development of women as will enable them to act from judgment instead of feeling.

RUFUS.—You should obey your mother even when her commands *seem* to you unreasonable. A boy of your age should not think of setting up his judgment in opposition to his mother's commands. In fact, did you *positively know* her orders to be oppressive, you should obey them as long as you remain under her roof. A little motherly tyranny is often good for boys, and it is always better for them than motherly indulgence.

CATHERINE.—Crickets are troublesome customers, something like black beetles—when once they take a fancy to your house it is not easy to be rid of them. The smoke of charcoal has been found useful in destroying them, and also sprinkling Scotch snuff about their haunts, and pouring boiling water down the holes and crevices where they lodge. It is said, also, that loud noises will drive them away; but this remedy may be considered worse than the disease.

G. B.—A weight dropped from the mast head of a ship sailing at the rate of ten miles an hour, or at any other rate, will strike the same place on the deck as it would were the vessel motionless. By overhauling your Natural Philosophy, and looking at the chapter on *resultant motion*, you will find this matter fully set forth and illustrated with explanatory cuts; at least, that is the way we found it, when a boy at school.

S. P. M.—If the case is as you have stated it, your complaints are just. Such conduct as you describe is indecent and brutal in the extreme, and the sooner you get out of the neighborhood the better it will be for you. The cowhidings of the children, which you describe, are outrageous; their father must be a double-dyed ruffian.

EDWARD.—The title of Czar was taken by the Russian monarchs about the end of the fifteenth century, after they had embraced the Greek faith. There can be little doubt that it is synonymous with and a contraction of Cæsar, which is pronounced Kaisar in the north of Europe, and means king.

JONATHAN.—"Jactitation of Marriage" is a law term which signifies what many correspondents have complained of as having been done in relation to themselves, namely: the boasting or declaring falsely by one party that he or she is married to another, whereby a common reputation of their marriage may ensue.

MRS. B.—If you can *prove* that the dressmaker "cabbaged" a yard of your silk, you can have her convicted of felony; but before attempting the task you had better reflect over it for a week or so. Should you fail, you would be charged with "persecution," and much prejudice would be excited against you.

FERGUSON.—The battle-field of Marengo, whereon Napoleon won one of his greatest victories, is in the Kingdom of Sardinia, right on the line of railway from Turin to Genoa. It has been offered for sale lately for $120,000, but no purchaser has as yet appeared.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.—There is no work on a farm that is as hard as you would have to perform on a whaling voyage; so, if your idea of going on such an expedition is based simply on the desire to get rid of arduous labor, you had better stick to the plow, the shovel and the hoe.

CLUMSY.—It would not only not be improper, but, on the contrary, it would be highly proper and courteous for you to present a lady, whose silk dress you had spoiled by spilling a glass of wine upon it, a new dress a little better than was the old one.

CLARA.—We do not think that the fact of a man's being only six months older than the woman he loves, should be a sufficient reason for the opposing of the match by the young lady's parents.

EVELEEN.—We do not know any one who would be apt to "purchase verses as good as the ordinary run of poetry published in the newspapers."

NEW BRITAIN, CONN.—Yes; "Forest Sketches" are simply the narratives of personal experience.

A SCHOOLBOY wants to know, if a stone should be hurled perpendicularly into the air with such force that it would pass through 35 feet of space the first second, how high it would ascend? and if another stone of equal size and weight should be dropped at the same instant from the summit of a tower at just the elevation which the first stone would reach, at what point the two stones would pass each other on their journey? Falling bodies increase their ratio of velocity in the proportion of 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, &c., being the odd numbers; consequently whatever distance a body falls in the first second, it falls three times that distance in the second second, five times that distance in the third second, and so on according to the above-mentioned ratio. A body projected perpendicularly upwards decreases its ratio in the same proportion, as 9, 7, 5, 3, and 1. Therefore, a stone projected perpendicularly upwards with such force as to carry it through thirty-five feet of space in the first second, would pass through thirty-three feet in the second second, 31 feet in the third second and so on, expending its momentum at the end of the eighteenth second and rising to the height of 324 feet. The stone dropped from this elevation (according to the proposition in our correspondent's question) would pass through one foot the first second, and so on in the ratio of 1, 3, 5, &c., would be 18 seconds in reaching the earth, and would pass through 35 feet in the last or 18th second. The two stones would of course meet at the expiration of *half the time* it would take them to pass through the whole space, which would be at the end of the 9th second; when the *descending* stone would have passed through the respective spaces of 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15 and 17 feet, making a total of 81 feet; and the *ascending* stone would have passed through the respective spaces of 35, 33, 31, 29, 27, 25, 23, 21 and 19 feet, making a total of 243 feet.

A LOVER OF TRUTH.—An abiding and fervid love of truth is commendable in all cases, but you should be careful not to mistake for truth your own whims, or the ill-judged cynicalness of the ignorant and narrow-minded. For example, in the cases you mention your own lack of intelligence leads you first into error and then occasions you to pass an unjust and harsh judgment upon the conduct of your neighbors. You say that a man with plenty of money in his pocket or his safe, who is asked by a neighbor if he has "a hundred dollars over this morning" and says no, is guilty of deception and lying. This assertion on your part simply proves that you do not understand the subject upon which you so conceitedly pass judgment. The phrase "Have you anything over?" is used by business men as a concise, convenient, courteous, and generally understood mode of asking a man if he has any funds *that he will lend to the interrogator*; and when he replies "no," he answers the *understood* interrogative, his negative being equivalent to the declaration—"I have no money which I can on this occasion lend to you." The same principle will apply to the "Not at home" question. "Not at home" is a recognized, well-understood, and courteous mode of telling a visitor that you are *not to be seen on that particular occasion*. There is no more deception in it than there is in any metaphorical phrase or figure of speech; and any one who carps at it renders himself as ridiculous as did the infidel who argued that the Bible was false, because Moses speaks in the Book of Genesis about the "*windows* of heaven," being opened, whereas, said the sage atheist, "it is well known that *window glass* was not made till many hundreds of years after the flood!"

MECHANIC.—It is not at all unnatural that you should think and wish as you do, and wonder why "the laws cannot be made so plain and simple that people of ordinary intelligence could understand them, and so get rid of so many judges and lawyers." You are not the only person who is visited by such thoughts, but the older and wiser you grow the less of such visitants you will have, and the greater will be your contempt for them when they do come. This whole matter of simplifying the laws so that everybody can understand them and so all will agree about them, lies in a nutshell: the fact simply is—*it can't be done!* Did you ever ask yourself seriously "What is *Right?*" What is *Justice?*" and look off into the vague and vast and boundless and fathomless abysses which must be explored before those two simple-seeming questions can be answered? Are you unaware of the fact that many of the greatest minds and best hearts of all the ages of the world have been zealously, laboriously and conscientiously striving to *settle and simplify the law*, and that the result of all their vast labors is simply the systems which are now in vogue in the various civilized nations? After a great truth or principle in law has been clearly ascertained and thoroughly tested, it is not an easy matter to embody it in a legal enactment in language entirely free from uncertainty and ambiguity. When all mankind shall know all about everything, then everything will be simple to and easily understood by all—and not before.

JANISSONG.—The "Battle of the Pyramids" was fought by Napoleon against the Mamelukes, under the command of Mourad Bey. The charge of the Mamelukes on that occasion was the most terrible ever made, as you can easily understand by imagining twenty-four thousand of the most fierce and skilful horsemen the world has ever known, upborne by fatalism and maddened by military hatred and religious enthusiasm, dashing in one solid mass upon a detested foe. It must have been an awful sight to the French infantry—those twenty-four thousand flying Arabian steeds backed by twenty-four thousand infuriated warriors arrayed in all the fearful bewilderments of barbaric panoply and splendor. But Napoleon's intellect was mightier than the twenty-four thousand Mamelukes. That barbaric thunderbolt was received with a tempest of leaden rain and iron hail and sheeted fire, which shattered it, and blasted it, and sent it flying in fragments over the desert; and in an hour the power and glory of the Mamelukes, which had for so many years borne sway in the Orient, departed forever before the genius of Napoleon.

JENNY.—No; we do not think it argues a frivolous mind in a woman to exhibit an interest in elegant clothes or to go deep into the clothes question generally. It is right and proper for women so to do, and we would not give much for one's opinion or taste who did not see more to be admired or longed for in a handsome toilet than in a slattern's dowdiness or a beggar's rags. Fondness for fine clothes, and in fact for elegant and comfortable things generally, is only to be reprobated *when it is improperly indulged*—when one goes beyond his or her means for its gratification. Let all women, we say, be neat, and as tasteful and elegant as they can *conscientiously* afford to be.

J. A. R.—In this number of the LEDGER (May 9th) the captivating story of "The Wild Knight; or, the Unknown Crusader," is completed. Beginning with the LEDGER of January 3rd, we can now furnish you with "The Refugees," the "Abducted Heiress," "Karmel the Scout," and the "Wild Knight," complete, besides all the other valuable and interesting reading matter of nineteen numbers of the LEDGER, for seventy-six cents.—If you are smart enough you can learn book-keeping by double-entry without a teacher. It makes but little difference whose system you study: they are all good, and each professes to be the best.

A READER OF THE LEDGER says a lady with whom he was in love, in a pet married another man; that he still loves her and she him, and he wishes us to "suggest an arrangement of their difficulties!" This request "suggests" to us the fact that our correspondent's conscience is not so strong as some of his other attributes, and that he would be quite ready to do much wickedness on receiving the slightest encouragement thereto. His "difficulties" can be best surmounted by his becoming an irreproachably honest and moral man.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER wishes to know who would probably succeed to the throne of France in case Louis Napoleon should suddenly die?—a question which is altogether too difficult of solution for us to answer. It is quite probable that in twenty-four hours after the death of Louis Napoleon there would be *no* "throne of France," but only barricades, and chauntings of "La Marseillaise" and "Mourir pour la Patrie," and revolutionary millions tramping and surging over France, and all the incidents and accidents of another struggle for a Republic

A SEEKER FOR TRUTH.—It is unprofitable to indulge in discussions with chance companions about the "existence of a God," the "evidences of Christianity" and such like questions, inasmuch as neither you nor they can throw any light upon them, nor gain any satisfaction therefrom. If you wish really to obtain *information* upon these topics, you had better read the works of the ablest theologians who have written about them instead of wasting your time in accidental wranglings with conceited babblers.

A SUBSCRIBER wishes to know how to dispose of a male friend so as not to excite his ill-will, who always exhibits symptoms of anger and jealousy when said subscriber visits a certain young lady who, like Barkis, seems to be "willin'?" Do nothing with the choleric and jealous young man except to treat him with courtesy, and you and the young lady go on your way as though no green-eyed being was watching you.

CECILIA.—It is useless to talk about teaching a man to love you whom you represent as incapable of understanding the commonest principles of good-breeding and kindness. A brutal and cruel man is incapable of *love*: he may experience emotions of selfish desire, and *want* a woman for his wife, but unfortunate will she be who marries him.

ANN ELIZABETH S.—We can furnish you with the LEDGER as far back as June 7th, 1856; from that date up to the commencement of "The Refugees," on January 3rd, 1857, there are thirty numbers, which will cost you $1,20. We will take postage stamps for the odd twenty cents if that will accommodate you.

C. M. S.—By the last act of Congress regulating the currency of the United States, (the date of which we do not now remember,) it was enacted that the cent coin should be legal tender for a sum amounting to less than ten cents.

A CINCINNATIAN.—Five cents is not an exorbitant price to charge for the LEDGER in your city; even the daily papers are there sold for the same sum.

G. W. S.—Yes; send us the four names and $6, and we will send the four LEDGERS to different post-offices if desired.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*